THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV No 6—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1926. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society o

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MILLINERY

We are anxious to clear out the balance of our winter stock of TRIMMED HATS, including French and New York Models....
PRICES NO OBJECT TO CLEAR.

SCARFS

Crepe de Chene, Georgette, Silk Knit, in all the newest designs and colors.

—NECKWEAR,
—And NOVELTIES,
—CORSETS and
—BRASSIERS
A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

LILLE'S GREY SHOPPE

takes this opportunity of wishing our friends and the public in general

A HAPPY NEW YEAR
AND THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

We carry DAINTY NOVEL GIFTS that show real taste and refinement, besides being inexpensive. These are the gifts that are most appreciated by wife, mother, sister and sweetheart.

MAKE THE GREY SHOPPE YOUR NEW YEAR'S SHOPPING CENTRE

We are clearing our stock of MILLINERY at far below cost price. Now is the time to see us for Millinery values.

SEE—

Lille's Grey Shoppe
—FIRST
Few doors west of Campbell House

Blue Serge Suits
—Blue—
Chinchillia Overcoats
$14, $18, $20 & $23
$5.00 below their regular value

All other Winter Overcoats and Mackinaw Coats at reduced prices.

W.W.ADAMS
Men's Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary Elizabeth Williams, of the Township of Ernesttown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, John Williams, late of the said Township of Ernesttown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, painter, and now of parts unknown, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Napanee, in the Province of Ontario, this thirtieth day of November, 1925.

MARY ELIZABETH WILLIAMS,
By her Solicitor,
J .M. SIMPSON,
Napanee, Ont.
1-e

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

LOST—On Dundas street, on Saturday, a Ladies' gold wrist watch. Will finder notify Box 126. 6-ap

TO RENT—The brick residence of Edward Wilson, west of West Ward school. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee. 44-tf

FOR SALE—A bargain for a quick buyer. Triplex Auto-Knitter, in good condition. Apply MRS. WALTER METCALFE, Market Square, Napanee. 3-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—Good nine roomed house, cement brick veneer, bath and toilet, garage, located on Adelphi street, just south of the Court House. Apply to CHAS. W. CARD. 5-b

LOST—Either on Kingston Highway, or on No. 11 to Adolphustown, a spare truck tire and rim. Finder please leave at Royal Hotel, Napanee, or call 1300-ring 4, Kingston. H. MACROW, Kingston. 5-bp

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres, Lot 1 in 3rd Con. of Camden, also 50 acres, Lot 5, in 4th Con. Camden. Well watered and fenced. Buildings in good repair. Apply to R. McQUAIG, on premises, Selby P.O.

WANTED AT ONCE—Four or five smart appearing men with a fair education, to work for Consolidated Press Co., Limited, all year work. Apply after 5.30 p.m. to G. S. BLACKSHAW, at Miss Davy's, Dundas street. 44

FOR SALE—1½ story frame dwelling, toilet and bath, hot and cold water, electric lights, decorated and painted 1924, good well, garden, possession about February 1, 1926, Dundas street, West. D. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee. 5-d

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

TO SELL OR RENT—Small house and barn, both in good shape, plenty of land for garden. TO SELL—50 acres, farm, convenient to Napanee. Other large fams.

FOR SALE—Some good houses, all conveniences, nicely situated, garage and barns, etc. JAS. ED. CLARK, at Card's Garage. 5-t

FARM FOR SALE—The vendors are now in a position to sell by private sale the following described farm: Part of lot No. 3 in the 8th concession, Township of Richmond, containing 140 acres more or less, and part of west part of Lot No. 4 in the 7th concession, Township of Richmond, containing 15 acres more or less, being the farm known as the Joseph Lockridge farm. Dated November 25th, 1925. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario. 1-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The "Abbott Farm" situated two miles north east of the village of Selby, Township of Richmond, County of Lennox and Addington, containing 115 acres. This farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings, all modern, have been kept in a perfect condition. Never failing wells and springs ensure an abundant supply of water. There is a fine maple sugar orchard, and sufficient wood for all requirements. Possession any time. Apply MRS. A. W. ABBOTT, on the premises. 47

CONTRACTS WANTED

We are open to contract for a limited quantity of

Tomatoes, Corn and Seed Peas.

Call and see our representative, who will be at the

Royal Hotel, Napanee
—on—
Saturday Afternoons.

THE E. C. METCALF CANNING COMPANY
3-tf

Commencement Exercises, Napanee Collegiate Institute, Friday, January 8th, 1926. Musical Literary and Athletic entertainment. Addresses and Presentation of Medals, Diplomas and Prizes by C. B. Fox, M.A., Pres. Aluminum Ore Co., of America; and R. A. Daly, M.A., Pres. R. A. Daly & Co., Toronto.

Laundryette.

We are agents for the new Laundryette Electric Washing Machine. Washes and drys clothes without wringing. Let us demonstrate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

J. S. JOHNSTON

Reeve of the Township of Adolphustown for the year 1926

REPLY TO PONZI

Mr. Editor:

No doubt many citizens have been amused and perhaps some annoyed at the effusions of Ponzi which have recently appeared in the Beaver. Some have asked who is this Ponzi, that he has taken it upon himself to lecture the people of Napanee upon their duties towards themselves and towards the town. Others have remarked that it might be interesting to know what he has done to relieve the stagnation about which he so bitterly complains, and what are his accomplishments that justify him in mounting a pedestal and setting himself up as an authority upon the subjects concerning which he professes to know so much. I wonder if he ever heard about the timid little mouse, which, after lapping up the dregs of an overturned decanter, danced about on his hind legs proclaiming to the world that he could lick any tom-cat in the neighborhood. He appears to be so intoxicated with his own verbosity that he has conceived the idea that he is a great reformer and that a new era of prosperity can be introduced by holding up to ridicule the respectable and responsible citizens of Napanee.

He has been soaring in the clouds dropping bombs upon the town regardless of the damage they might do. Fortunately most of them were duds and the rest did no further injury than to leave a disagreeable odor about the region whence they came.

There are several lessons Ponzi should take well to heart before he presumes to tell the people of Napanee what they ought to do. The first that I would commend to his careful consideration is that Napanee has the well-merited reputation of being one of the most up-to-date and progressive towns in the Province of Ontario. He might also reflect upon the well-known axiom that no citizen can confer any benefit upon his town by belittling the enterprise of his fellow citizens. If he is a person in his professed desire to do something for Napanee let him abandon the foolish practice of knocking everything and everybody and give us the working plans of his scheme for improving the situation. The new town fathers will welcome any well considered constructive criticism, but we have all had enough of Ponzi's idle vaporings that get us nowhere.

CIVIS

MOSCOW NORTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Keech spent Christmas with her brother Mr. Goodberry, Wagarville.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Vanvolkenburg and son spent Christmas with her brother, Mr. Manson King, Fifth Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar and son, Garnet, spent Thursday in Napanee.

Mrs. Beadle, of Port Huron, is spending some time at her fater's Mr. Frank Albertson's.

Mr. Norman Jackson spent a few days at Harlowe.

Miss Verla Brown and Florence Brown spent a few days with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff.

Miss Phyllis Vanvolkenburg spent last week-end at McLean.

Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent Thursday last at Napanee.

Mr. Wellington Coulter has returned home after spending a week at Plevna.

Mr. Okel Bowen and mother spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowen and family, Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Jackson and family spent Christmas at Mr. Sanford Degroff's.

Mrs. Cynthia Clapp and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Arch Albertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar and son spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. Potter, Wilson's Crossing.

Mrs. Gideon King and granddaughter spent a few days at Mrs. Fred Vanvolkenbug's.

Mr. and Mrs. Orvis Albertson and daughters spent last week-end with her brother, Mr. Dave Rutlan, Echo Lake.

Mr. Ross Bell of Enterprise, spent Wednesday at Mr. Rufus Wagar's.

Mr. James Evans and son, Bernard, spent Tuesday last with his sister, Mrs. John Scanlin.

Mr. Sam Cameron and grandson spent Wednesday last at Mr. Harvey Keech's.

Miss Lela Ritchie, of Kingston, is spending some time with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Beard, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent last week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ritchie.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent Tuesday afternoon at Enterprise.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

1925 COUNCIL RE-ELECTED, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF W. J. JEWELL, WHO IS REPLACED BY J. H. FITZPATRICK

Monday was election day in Napanee, when the people of the town had the privilledge of selecting the gentlemen who would represent them on the council board for the year 1926. A stranger in town would hardly realize the fact that anything out of the ordinary was taking place, so little was the interest manifested by the electors generally.

The campaign this year showed none of the old time vigor, when the different aspirants for office got out and hustled and made it a point to see that all the possible vote was polled.

A fairly good vote was polled, but nothing like it should be. Every citizen should take full advantage of their franchise and make it a point to get out and vote, and then, and then only, will the will of the people be fully expressed.

Napanee should adopt the slogan of the City of Toronto: "No Matter How You Vote, But Vote."

Following is the result of the contest in Napanee:

For Reeve—	W.W. 1	W.W. 2	C.W. 1	C.W. 2	E.W.	Total
GRAHAM, M. P.	109	116	94	106	104	529
Paul, Geo. W.	80	85	58	78	63	364
Majority for Graham						165
For Councillors—						
ROY, E. J.	85	119	88	115	93	500
SIMPSON, J. M.	77	96	94	112	97	476
MacGREGOR, A.	85	94	76	87	96	438
FITZPATRICK, J. H.	103	96	68	86	73	426
HOWITT, WM.	78	92	86	89	78	423
DUNBAR, W. H.	49	96	68	99	91	403
Jewell, W. J.	64	85	76	98	68	391
Cowling, Victor	118	77	45	59	38	337

AFTER THE RESULTS WERE KNOWN

Mayor Ming again expressed his pleasure and thanks to the citizens of Napanee for their kindness and good-will in again choosing him to fill the Chief Magistrate's office for 1926.

Reeve Graham expressed his thanks to the electors for again electing him as Reeve. He had been campaigning in municipal affairs for the past fifteen years, and never in that time had he had such nasty and undeserved things said about him as had been said in this campaign. The statements were absolutely untrue and were used for the sole purpose of defeating him. This would probably be his last year, as he intended to step aside and let someone else carry the worry and burden of looking after the affairs of the town.

Councillor E. J. Roy, who again headed the polls, expressed his great pleasure and thanked the people for their confidence. The business of the council this year should be an easy job as there would not likely be any factories, schools or sidewalks to build, and it should be easy sailing for the 1926 council. He had one hobby, however, and that was to see "Springside" Tourist Park, near the falls, put in such a shape that it would be equal to, if not surpass, any of its kind in the Province of Ontario. It would prove a good advertisement for the town.

Councillor J. M. Simpson said fate and the electors of Napanee had been kind to him and he appreciated the confidence of the people very much. His ambitions for 1926 would be to give his best efforts towards the welfare of Napanee.

Councillor A. MacGregor said that he, like Reeve Graham, was one of the old war horses, and had fully expected to be one of the tail-enders in this campaign. He was indeed proud of the vote given him and would do his best during 1926 to deserve the confidence placed in him.

Councillor J. H. Fitzpatrick said he fully appreciated the magnificent vote given him. His attitude at the council board would be economy wherever possible. He was an old Napanee boy, his business was in Napanee, and anything that was good for Napanee was good for him.

Councillor W. Howitt was generous in his thanks. He thanked those who voted for him as well as those who did not. Napanee was his home, his business was here, his family was here, and he would endeavor to work for the best interests of the town.

Councillor W. H. Dunbar, referring to the returns as they came in, said it looked at one time as though he was going to be relieved of the worries of office. He was proud of his record at the council board during the past two years, because he had given of his best, and this course would be followed in 1926. He appreciated very much the fact that the citizens had chosen him as one of the 1926 Council.

Mr. Victor Cowling said it looked very much as though he would have to wait until some of the old war horses had stepped aside before he could get a seat at the council board. At some future time he might try again.

Mr. Geo. Paul said he was proud of the vote he had received—it being far better than last year. His opponent was a hard man to beat. He denied having used unfair tactics, and had never said nasty things about his opponent. His advice to the 1926 council was to practice strict economy and reduce the taxes if possible.

TOWNSHIP RESULTS

TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD
(Acclamation)

For Reeve—G. H. Young.
For Council—Herbert York, P. J. Whalen, Daniel Hinchey, Dennis Kearns.

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND

Reeve—Alfred McCutcheon.
Councillors — Milford Dupre, Christie Hartin, E. A. McQuaig, Harry Oliver.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Reeve—J. S. Johnston.
Council—Arthur Bogart, Geo. Davern, Stephen Mack, Jas. Robertson.

NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH

Reeve—James W. Clark.
Council—H. D. Chambers, F. Clark, Frank Sagar, W. C. Joyce.

SOUTH FREDERICKSBURGH

Reeve—Jonas Garrison.
Council—W. Ackerman, Finley B. Galt, Robt. Merritt, W. G. Schell.

ERNESTTOWN

Reeve—W. C. T. Loyst.
Deputy Reeve—Andrew C. Miller.
Council—John Kenny, Frank Smith, D. O. Frink.

NEWBURGH

Reeve—G. A. Aylsworth.
Council—G. B. Paul, T. B. Cameron, C. G. Walker, F. A. Lockwood.

CAMDEN
(By Acclamation)

Reeve—J. Fisher.
Deputy Reeve—Johnston Cousins.
Council—Henry Toner, John Judge, Frank McLaughlin.

ANDERSON.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Baird and Sam spent Christmas at Mr. Hogebone's, Consecon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Parks motored to Picton on Christmas and spent the day with her parents.

Mrs. A. Parks left for Picton on Saturday last to attend the funeral of her sister, and will remain for a couple of weeks.

Misses Davy, of Bath, and Mrs. McNee, of Picton, were the guests of their sister, Mrs. Johnston, on Christmas.

Rev. Mr. Merriam and son, Henry, took dinner at J. R. Ackerman's on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Parks and family and the Misses Andra and Henrietta Johnston, visited at A. Parks' on Sunday.

A number from around here attended the Christmas tree at Bethany.

Mrs. J. R. Ackerman and Vernon attended the pageant at Grace Church on Christmas night.

Miss L. Chambers, of New York, is spending the holidays with her mother.

A great many people of this vicinity have been ill with la grippe.

For the Boy.

Skates, Handsleighs, Wagons, Trycicles, Automobiles.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CONDITIONS FOR THE I.O.D.E. COMPETITIONS

SHORT STORY AND ONE-ACT PLAY COMPETITIONS

A Prize of Two Hundred Dollars, given by Mrs. R. W. Wood, of Vancouver, is offered by the Daughters of the Empire for a Short Story. The following conditions govern the competition.

1. Any story submitted must contain not less than two thousand words and not more than six thousand.

2. While other subjects are not debarred, stories dealing with Canadian life are preferred. This does not mean mere perfunctory reference to a Canadian background; the particular Canadian setting chosen should be vital to the treatment of the subject. Preference is given to wholesome treatment and subject matter.

3. Competitors should be British subjects resident in Canada.

4. Prizes: details to be announced later.

5. No story submitted in this competition shall have been published previously, nor shall it be submitted elsewhere until the result of this competition is announced.

6. The prize shall not be awarded twice to the same person nor shall the prize for the Short Story and the prize for the One-Act Play be awarded to the same person in any one year.

7. No manuscripts will be returned, but the writer may retain the first and best typewritten copy for his or her own use, and submit a carbon copy provided it is legible.

8. The story awarded the prize shall be published in ECHOES and the copyright shall be vested in the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire.

9. The titles of the stories which receive honorable mention, with the names of the authors, shall be published in the June issue of ECHOES, if the writers and the Echoes Committee so desire.

10. Manuscripts, which may be in English or French, shall be sent by registered post to the National Educational Society, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, 238 Bloor Street East, Toronto 5, Ontario, not later than February 1st, 1926. The results will be announced early in April.

A Prize of One Hundred Dollars given by Preble Mackintosh, Esq., of Montreal, and known as the Blanche Mackintosh Prize, is offered by the Daughters of the Empire for a One-Act Play. The following conditions govern the competition.

1. The play shall be a one-act play, the presentation of which on the stage should occupy not less than twenty minutes nor more than forty minutes.

2. The play shall neither have been published nor have been produced on the stage before the ing submitted in this competition, and it shall not be submitted elsewhere until the result of this competition is announced.

3. The prize-winning play shall be published in ECHOES, subject to the approval of the National Executive Committee, and rights for its publication and production shall be vested in the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire.

The titles of the plays which receive honourable mention, with the names of the authors, shall be published in the June issue of Echoes.

5. Manuscripts shall be sent by registered post to the National Educational Secretary, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, 238 Bloor Street East, Toronto 5, Ontario, not later than March 1, 1926. The results will be announced early in April.

Clarence McGuin, of Kingston, and Fred McGuin, of Napanee, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McGuin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mot and family spent Christmas at Joel Kellar's, Link's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mellow and son, of Napanee, spent Christmas at Geo. Davy's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl McClelland and family spent Christmas at Fred Amey's.

Hope Swayne, of Toronto, is visiting her parents, Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Swayne at St. John's rectory.

Mr. H. J. Simpson, of Cataraqui, spent a few days at Dr. Northmore's.

The many friends of Master Floyd Wenup will be pleased to hear that he has returned home from Kingston General Hospital, and is showing steady improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Holt, Mr. Eric Holt and Miss Dorothy Holt, of Napanee, spent the Christmas holidays at G. W. Cuppage's.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Calver, of Napanee, spent a few days with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baker, of Gilead, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Max Robinson.

M. P. GRAHAM

Reeve of the Town of Napanee for the year 1926

mas card design. The following conditions governt the competition.

1. This competition is open to all British subjects resident in Canada.

2. The competitor shall choose his or her own subject, which may or may not be of a patriotic nature.

3. The design submitted should include a sketch in colours for the outside of the card, and also words of greeting for the inside; but in awarding the prize the judges will consider primarily the sketch and in offering the card for sale the committee may substitute other words of greeting than those submitted.

4. As the publishing houses which deal in Christmas cards complete in the early spring their arrangements for the following Christmas, this competition will close on February 1, 1926.

5. Any designs which have already been sent in to the National Educational Secretary to be submitted in this competition will be considered as entries.

6. No entry will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

7. The design awarded the prize shall become the property of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. Arrangements will be made to have the card published and sold.

8. Entries should be marked "I.O.D.E. Art Competition," and should be addressed to the National Educational Secretary, 238 Bloor Street, East, Toronto 5, Ontario, on or before February 1, 1926. Each design submitted should be marked with an assumed name and should be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing both the real and the assumed name of the competitor.

9. A competitor may submit more than one design, but each entry should be sent in separately.

McIntosh's Fur Sale, January 7th, 8th, 9th.

BATH.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Calver and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, Stella.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Thompson and family, of Link's Mills, spent Christmas at D. H. Robinson's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrester spent Christmas at Adolphustown with their daughter, Mrs. R. J. Allison.

Miss Lorna Calver, of Toronto, is spending the Christmas holidays with her father, W. J. Calver.

Napanee Collegiate Institute Commencement Exercises, in the Armouries, Friday, January 8th, 1926. Musical, Literary, and Athletic entertainment. Addresses and Presentation of Medals, Diplomas and Prizes by C. B. Fox, M.A., Pres. Aluminum Ore Co. of America; R. A. Daly, M. A., Pres. R. A. Daly & Co., of Toronto; and Prof. Matheson, Queen's University.

COMING :-: EVENTS

H. W. GALLAGHER WILL SELL for Wm. A. Moore, on lot 14, 5th con. North Fredericksburgh, 4 miles from Napanee, one mile from Shorey's factory, on Tuesday, January 19th, 4 registered Holstein cows, 5 high grade Holsteins, 2 registered yearling heifers, 3 registered calves, 3 horses, binder, mower, horserake, hay loader, harness, single and double; wagon, cream separator, churn, scales, power clipper, 20 pure-bred S. C. R. I. hens, oats, Scotch collie dog, 1 yr. old, and other articles. All machinery, wagons and sleighs are practically new. Usual terms. 6-bp

DO YOU SELL FARM PRODUCTS?

How do you know he won't buy? Have you called him by Long Distance?

"I sell entirely by Long Distance—It's quicker and cheaper."
—Hay and Grain Dealer

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Editor of The Sunday School Times.

FIVE MEN BELIEVE ON JESUS

Sunday, Jan. 10.—John 1 :19-51.

Golden Text—Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world (John 1 : 29).

People sometimes say that they like the New Testament very much, but read the Old Testament very little. There could not be a greater mistake. The New Testament cannot be understood apart from the Old Testament. Countless New Testament references depend, for their meaning, on Old Testament passages. The New Testament records the fulfillment of much that was prophesied in the Old Testament, especially concerning the person and mission of Christ.

Thus John the Baptist, when asked who he was, answered: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the Prophet Esaias." That prophesy, which John was fulfilling, is found in Isaiah 40 : 3.

This lesson offers an unusual opportunity to study what is commonly called "personal work" in Christian service, or leading men to Christ. It has been called "Taking men alive," for when the Lord said to Simon Peter the fisherman, after given gthe disciples a miraculous draught of fishes, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men" (Luke 5 : 10), the literal Greek of our Lord's words is: "From henceforth thou shalt take men alive." The verb occurs only twice in the New Testament, and the other passage is in 2 Timothy 2 : 26, where we are told that men are "taken alive" by Satan. Therefore, all men are taken alive either by Christ or by Satan, unto eternal life or eternal death.

John the Baptist took many men alive for Christ. In this lesson passage he said, to two of his own followers who did not yet know Christ, "Behold the Lamb of God!" (vs. 36). Then the record reads: "And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus." Could anything greater be said of you and me than that, as men hear us speak, they follow Jesus?

Our Lord's own methods of winning men to Himself are given to us here. He asks the two men a question: "What seek ye?" Greeting Him as Rabbi, or Master, they asked: "Where dwellest Thou?" Thus showing their desire to visit Him and know Him better. And then comes the wonderful invitation from the Lord: "Come and see." They responded by going with Him, and spending that day with Him.

That is all that Christ would have any one do, at the beginning. Just visit Him, study Him, learn who He is and what He has to offer. As soul winners, fishers of men, let us urge the unsaved to "Come and see."

We must include our own family circle, those nearest and dearest to us, in our soul winning if therefore any unsaved there. One of these two disciples, Andrew, hastened to his own brother, Simon Peter, and declared to him what they had discovered when they visited Jesus. Andrew is evidently in no doubt, for he says to Peter: "We have found the Messias," or the Christ.

The Lord's first word to Simon was that He was going to give him a new name (v. 42). To the Oriental, a new name means a new life. And that is one of the blessings that Christ says to those who come to Him: that they may have a new life, through Him, if they will.

A sentence of two words spoken by Jesus to another, Philip, had an amazing result. The Lord said to him: "Follow me." And Philip went and found another man, Nathanael, and assured him that they had found the One of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote—in other words, the Messiah. A very few words spoken by Christ to a man can settle everything for that man, if he is a sincere seeker. It is our duty and privilege to bring men to where they will be exposed to Christ and His words.

But Nathanael had not yet seen or heard Christ, and he replied with the immortal expression of doubt: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip was a true fisherman when he used the Lord's own invitation: "Come and see."

Nathanael moved in the right direction in response to this fisherman's bait, and the Lord spoke to him before he could speak to the Lord. He called him "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." And then Jesus went on to prove to Nathanael, in a few words, that He had known him, and evidently his innermost heart life and experience, at a time when, perhaps, Nathanael thought no one else knew. Whatever the Lord referred to in these words: "When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee," it was convincin gto this man, for he cried out with the same conviction the others had had: "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

The winning of these five men to Christ teaches us the great lesson that, if we wil lsimply be faithful in bringing men into contact with Christ, He will do the rest. Not that all men will be won to Christ, but we may give every one whom we can reach the opportunity of facing Him and deciding whether to receive or reject eternal life.

The Best Service

A store can give its customers is to provide the best possible **VALUES** for the prices asked.

We seek to do this, and it is our purpose to make you feel you can absolutely depend upon the **QUALITY** of your purchases here.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS MERIT YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

THE GRAHAM CO'Y.,
Napanee Ont.

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
GIVE US A TRIAL

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Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours :—2 p.m. to 5 p.m., 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Phone 307. 32-1y

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Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

H. W. SMITH
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SEED BUYERS PROTECTED BY THE GRADE SYSTEM

Judging from the high regard in which Canadian seed control work and standards are held in other countries our system of conducting the commerce of seeds on a basis of legal grades has proved its soundness. The fundamental principle of the system is that the quality of seed sold must conform to definitions prescribed by law. In his report for 1925 the Dominion Seed Commissioner points out that our grades are based primarily on the general quality and purity of the seed determined by its freedom from noxious and useless weed seeds, and its percentage of pure living seeds. The general appearance of the seed as influenced by weather or seasonal conditions, cleaning, maturity and disease is also taken into consideration. Cereals, grasses, sweet clover, field corn and all other forage and fodder crop seeds have been brought under the compulsory grading system, and all grading is done by the qualified official inspectors of the Seed Branch.

Scottish Saturday Night.

National Secretary G. C. Hinckley of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment said in an afterdinner address in Washington:

"The way the prohibitionists go on, you'd think that it was impossible to take a glass of claret with your luncheon without getting as drunk as the Scottish laird.

"A Scottish laird—this is an absolutely true story—used to get very drunk every Saturday night. Then, with his servant, Saunders, also very drunk, he would mount his horse and set off for the castle.

"Well, while fording a stream one night, the laird fell into the water. He scrambled to his feet and spluttered:

"'Saunders, mon, something fell off. Did ye no hear the splash?'

"'Havers, I did,' said Saunders, and he dismounted and waded about up to his waist. Of course, he soon found his master.

"'Why, laird, it's yourself,' he said.

"'No, no, Saunders,' the laird insisted quietly, 'it can't be me, for here I am.'

"Saunders helped the laird to mount again, but in the darkness faced him the wrong way round.

"'Thank ye, mon,' said the laird. 'Now give me the reins.'

"Saunders fumbled with both hands about the horse's rear, got hold of its tail, and said in a shocked voice:

"'Laird, laird, it was the nag's head that fell off. There's nothing left but the mane.'"

The Wisdom of Experience.

Mr. Wellfodo—Do you think your friend Hawkins will answer to fill your place when you leave me?

Higgins (his man)—I think you had best get a much larger man, sir. Hawkins is just your size and your things will fit him to a T.—The Houston Post.

First Monastic Order.

Saint Benedict, in 527, founded the first western monastic order, called the Benedictines.

Novel Danger Signal.

The United States bureau of mines announces that it has developed a novel method for giving a danger warning in mines, particularly metal mines, in which compressed air is used throughout the workings. An ill-smelling substance is injected into the compressed air line, and within a few minutes the odor is spread through all parts of the mine.

Inspiration Generally Earned.

There seems to exist a tendency to ascribe inspiration to a process which is the result of a preliminary effort. Many have noticed that, after long and fruitless mental effort, the result for which they have been striving comes to them suddenly, while they are thinking of something entirely different. The preliminary mental toil has borne its fruit subconsciously.

Do Animals Commit Suicide?

A correspondent writes: "I have seen a deer, chased by wolves, jump over a precipice to death. Mink, muskrat and other animals of this kind will drown themselves rather than suffer the pain of the trap. I have also witnessed a rabbit, chased by its deadly enemy, the weasel, leap to death or drown itself."

Appreciate Cucumbers.

In Cairo and Alexandria Egypt, cucumbers are truly appreciated. They are developed to their utmost and are much eaten and liked by the natives. Moreover, the beautiful women understand the value of cucumber juice, and it is squeezed from the vegetable for them to use as a lotion for the skin.

Value of Molybdenite.

The principal value of molybdenite is in the manufacture of steel, to which it gives a hardness and toughness that make the steel suitable for use in propeller shafts, guns and boilers. Most of the molybdenite produced in Tasmania is shipped to England.

Perfume.

Perfume received its first real development in Persia, and later the priests of Egypt, who were the only men of learning in those ancient days, devoted much time to the manufacture of perfume and aromatic oils.

Baby Always Star Performer.

Every member of the family with the exception of the growing boy will sometimes wake up in the middle of the night, but none of the others can get as wide awake as baby.

Bit of a Paradox.

Oddly enough it is by canning the rough stuff that one preserves peace in the family.

1,800 Candles.

At the coronation banquet of George II Westminster hall was lighted by 1,800 candles.

WHAT'S IT TO BE—CALIFORNIA OR FLORIDA?

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

"What? Stay in the cold east this winter? Don't be silly! We've just got a new model and we're rolling to California next week."

It seems to be the verdict of the motorist for the coming winter—either California or Florida. And who can blame them? It's an experience that comes once in a lifetime.

Why not? Vacation time is supposedly summer but many folks have worked hard during the hot months just so they could get away from the office in cold weather and motor to where perpetual summer awaits them. But as I own no property in either California or Florida I cannot be accused of boosting either state. But I can help with a few tips that will aid in smoothing the long trek.

The most annoying condition met while driving cross-country are improper focussing of the headlights, the flashing off and on of dimmers and bright lights, driving on the wrong side of the highway, and parking on blind turns, especially the crowns of passes. All of these faults can be corrected and yet thousands of motorists do these very things.

In open country, such as the West, the motorist "hits it up" for he has a town to make at a certain time. That is as it should be, provided he makes certain the highway is clear. The hood thrusts around mountain turns and planes down grade at thirty-five to forty miles an hour gait such practice is certain suicide. On one precipitious road in Colorado an arrow points straight to an abyss where rest the mangled remains of dozens of cars, so far below that they look like toys. And under the arrow is a sign which says: "Step on the gas and follow these." A man must be and is CRAZY to take such chances. And there are hundreds who do it.

A motorist who has a spot light should point it so that it shines on the left edge of the road and WATCH THE EDGE OF THE ROAD instead of the oncoming car. Then he won't be blinded by the lights of the other fellow.

Don't make your daily runs so long that you will be utterly exhausted at the finish. Take it easy and don't plan a schedule. Rest yourself and leave time for the car. It will get there safely, if you hold a steady gait. One can't go far fast. Besides there is everything in the way of things you have never seen before. Take it easy, drive safely, and enjoy yourself.

Home-Made Water Filter.

To make a cheap water filter, take a large garden pot and stop the hole in the bottom by placing a piece of sponge in it. Cover with a few inches of powdered charcoal, fill with water, and let it stand over a pail or tub supported by two or three sticks laid across. The water filtering through the charcoal will be freed from all impurities and will be fit for family use. The charcoal should be changed every three months and the sponge several times a year.

Home of the Circus.

A school teacher was reading an essay story to her group of youngsters about the jungle. In order that each child might understand clearly what the story was about, she said: "Which one of you can tell me what the jungle is?" One bright little boy waved his hand in the air and the teacher told him to give his definition. He stood up before the class with a great deal of importance and said: "The jungle is where the circus lives."

To Have and Not to Hold.

An employee of the Century company was behind the counter one day when a roughly dressed man entered and asked if any stories were wanted. The stranger had the appearance of having just come off an emigrant ship. Anything he cared to leave would be handed to the editors, the clerk told him. The man turned and walked out; the Century company had lost Robert Louis Stevenson.—William W. Ellsworth, "A Golden Age of Authors."

Wealth in Dead Sea Region.

It is not generally known that ample quantities of bitumen occur in the Dead sea region. It can easily be gathered and prepared for use in road making, and there is the advantage that it can be obtainable at much cheaper rates than those which now obtain in the Near East and in Europe. The material can best be applied by means of the usual tar-spraying machine.

New "Aristocracy."

It's no longer the "movie." If the motion picture engineers have their way, "Cinema" is the correct term. "Movie" is too plebeian.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

His Inalienable Right.

Mr. Growcher says any man is justified in oversleeping if his wife comes to breakfast with her hair in patient curlers.

But at Home!

In Korea if a man meets his wife in the street he ignores her presence and passes on as if she were a stranger.

How About Life-Saving Germs?

One-fourth of the people born die before they are six. One in 100 lives to be sixty-five.

Cork Trees.

Cork trees grow in Sardinia. A tree is stripped of its bark only once in nine years.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT. tfd

ALL.

(By an Unknown Poet.)

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable, it is not far;
The moss grown door is hanging ajar,
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charge, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam;
See yonder hills where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! It is all I can speak;
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and saddle hang on the wall!
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

KILLED BY PASSING TRAINS.

When an Elephant Charges Railway Engine There's Trouble.

A signalman in the Old Country, who is a keen naturalist, has kept count of the death roll of animals, wild and tame, killed in a year by trains passing on a three-mile stretch of main line in the Midlands, some seventy miles north of London. The list includes a cat, two foxes, four rabbits, three hares, over a score of rabbits, a sheep, an adder, a long-eared bat, a hedgehog, and hundreds of frogs. Many birds too, have been killed, among them a kingfisher, a kestrel, a night jar, and several rooks.

You might fancy that birds had, by this time, learned to avoid trains, just as they have learned in great measure to avoid telegraph wires, and it is true that small birds are very rarely caught. Game birds, however, do not seem to have so much cunning, and they fly in a more head-long fashion.

Partridges are the most frequent victims, and more than once an engine has driven right into a whole covey, killing four or five. On one occasion a cock partridge, with tremendous speed, dashed right through the open window of a third-class carriage, and hit an elderly gentleman on the side of the head. The unfortunate passenger was stunned, and the bird was killed on the spot.

Take a bird flying at forty or fifty miles an hour and a train running at the same speed, and the force of a collision between the two is tremendous. I remember a case in which a pheasant struck the window of the guard's van of a great Northern train. The glass was an eighth of an inch thick, but the bird went through it like a bullet, and the flying splinters of glass cut the guard's face quite badly.

On another occasion an owl dashed right through the whole aperture in a glass of an engine pulling a train between Norwich and Wells. The odd point about this collision is that the bird received no injury beyond a broken leg. Hawks, such as kestrels, are very quick on the wing, but they are given to taking chances by hanging along the railway lines for small birds put up by the train. It is in this way that they are sometimes caught by an express.

Every motorist knows how stupid rabbits are when on the road at night. They are either blinded by the headlights or fascinated by the rapid approach of the car, and are constantly being run over. It is for similar reasons that they are so frequently killed by trains.

Horses and cattle sometimes stray on the line, but the largest British beast I have known to be killed was a bind calf, being chased by the Surrey staghounds. She got on to the Brighton line, tried to scale a deep bank close to Haywards Heath, but fell back and was cut to pieces by an oncoming train.

In Northern Rhodesia trains have killed lions, elephants, and even buffalo, while in the Malay States an elephant charged a train and actually knocked the engine off the line. In doing so the huge brute committed suicide.

A similar incident occurred on the line running through the Addo Bush, in Cape Colony, where the remnant of a once numerous herd of wild elephants still exists. In this case, however, the elephant got away more or less unscathed.

A train running on the trans-Siberian railway between Kamyshef and Lamsor was held up by a bear. The bear jumped on the tender and attacked the driver, but the latter, using a slice-bar, succeeded in knocking the brute off. It fell under the train and was killed by the line. Then the train was stopped and the poor maimed brute mercifully shot.

Our Funny Language.

The nervous foreigner got up in the crowded truncar and made his way to the conductor's platform.

"Excuse me," he said, "but ze car he run so slow, and why, if you please, is it so?"

The conductor was bewildered for a moment, but with commendable intelligence he realized that he was being questioned as to the tardy motion of the car.

"Yes," he answered, briefly. "But we can't help it. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you please to say him again?" he asked, apologetically.

"Certainly!" said the conductor. "I said that the car ahead is behind. Do you follow?"

Then the foreigner returned to his seat, holding his head in both hands.

"Ze car ahead, he are behind," he muttered, hopelessly. "Truly the way they do things in this Angleterre, it is wonderful!"—Tit-Bits.

Earth Older Than the Sun.

That the earth is much older than the sun is the opinion of a well-known scientist.

The Atlantic Ocean.

The Atlantic, the second largest of the five great oceans, has an area of 30,000,000 square miles.

An Awkward Age.

Evelyn: "Beatrice is at an awkward age, isn't she?"

Peggy: "Yes; she's too old to marry a young man for love, and not young enough to land an old millionaire."

Takes Four Months.

It takes a healthy man four months to eat his own weight in food.

Fish That Never Sleep.

Salmon, pike, ad goldfish are said to be the only fish that never sleep.

Dominion Tires and Tubes
Williard Battery Service
Auto Accessories, Gas and Gargoyle Oil
Genuine Ford Parts
Ford Quick Change Transmission Bands Installed—Can be relined in half an hour.
Rubber Tires for Buggies—Hard and Cushion.

Graham's Garage
DUNDAS ST., EAST
'Phone 218. P. O. Box 567.

How's Business?

"Business is as good as we make it" is the answer of business leaders. And it is worth while to note that most big businesses owe much of their success and prestige to the steady use of Advertising.

ADVERTISING in THE NAPANEE EXPRESS would help you promote your business. It would attract new customers, retain the goodwill of old ones and increase public confidence in your store and service.

ADVERTISING is simply salesmanship in the mass. It is an efficient, low-priced salesman. Investigate its merits.

Progressive Merchants Advertise

Carnegie Hero Fund.

On March 12, 1904, Andrew Carnegie turned over to the Carnegie Hero Fund commission $5,000,000 in bonds of the United States Steel corporation. The provisions of the gift are too numerous to be given in detail here, but in general it is provided that where a person is injured in performing some act of bravery the commission may provide for its need; he has been rewarded, or for his family, in case he dies as the result of his bravery. It also provides for medals to be given to commemorate an act of bravery.

Robber River.

The discovery that there is a kind of struggle for existence among rivers is one of the interesting results of the modern study of physiography. A notable example of this contest is exhibited by England's two biggest rivers, the Thames and the Severn. Between their valleys lie the Cotswold hills, and exploration shows that the Severn, by eating backward among these hills where softer strata underlie them, has diverted to itself some of the headwaters that formerly flowed into the Thames.—New York Post.

Expansion of Stone.

It was once thought that stone expanded at a uniform rate when heated, but that is now declared, on good authority, to be incorrect. In tests of marble and limestone, small increases of temperature above normal gave only a slight expansion, but the rate increased rapidly with further temperature rise. The expansion of marble at a few degrees above normal was only a fractional part of that of steel; at 100 degrees C., the average expansion was about that of steel, while at 200 degrees this rate was approximately doubled. These properties are of particular interest where the stone is used with other materials, as in construction. While marble expanded on heating, it did not shrink to its original dimensions on cooling. These unusual properties probably give rise to the warping of marble noticed in headstones in cemeteries.

Eve's Apple Tree.

Among the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon is a fruit supposed to bear the marks of Eve's teeth!

The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "Forbidden Fruit," or "Eve's Apple Tree." The blossom is pleasantly scented, and the fruit is orange in color outside and a deep crimson within. Each fruit has the peculiar appearance of having a piece bitten out of it.

This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led to the belief that it was the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and serves the useful purpose of warning such as might be tempted by its lovely appearance to imitate Eve and take a bite.

King's College, Nova Scotia,

was granted a royal charter in 1802.

Illustrating Progress.

The Chicago Tribune says: "If man, a curious animal, had been deterred by fear of the unknown, we should still be lighting our fires by rubbing two pieces of wood together." As it is, we have followed our curiosity, and have achieved matches, pieces of wood, with which we start our fires by rubbing on two, but twenty-five or thirty up and down the wall and over the stove. Sometimes there is gas in the stove, which ignites from the match, and makes a fine fire.—Kansas City Star.

Tragic Spots Have Poetic Names.

Bab el Mandeb, the "Gate of Tears," is the strait which connects the Red sea with the Indian ocean. It derives its name from the dangerous character of the navigation of its waters. "The Bridge of Sighs" is the name tradition assigns to the covered passageway in Venice which connects the doge's palace with the state prisons, and on which the condemned are conducted from the hall of justice to the place of execution.

A Real Patriot.

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an indubitable earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a subliner geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a really patriot, who bends all the forces of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. —Bolingbroke.

Well Supplied With Teeth.

The shark, it appears, in common with most reptiles and fishes, is not worried by the fear of a toothless old age and has a supply of molars always on hand in case of emergency. As Mr. Pinder puts it, "he has several rows of teeth one behind the other, and as fast as the teeth in the outer row are lost, they are replaced by those just back of them."

Close Resemblance.

"Isn't that a Gourgeron?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as they stopped for a moment to look at the new pictures.

"Oh, my, no!" replied the hostess. "It's a lion. But I told Josiah when he brought it home that it looked a good deal more like one of them things you mention."

Not Anxious to Meet Him.

"Jinks has had a burglar alarm put in his house with a gong in every room."

"He wants to be sure to know about the burglars?"

"No. He wants the burglar to be sure to be alarmed."

C.P.R. Makes Grain History

In handling the Canadian banner grain harvest of 1925, the Canadian Pacific Railway has established record after record in the marketing and loading of grain so that the figures for the current year constitute a record not only for Canada but for the world.

A. Hatton, general superintendent of transportation of the system, has issued a report covering the movement of grain on Canadian Pacific western lines from August 1 up to midnight Friday, December 18. It is shown that on one day, Friday, November 20, 3,559,000 bushels of grain were marketed and on Friday, November 13, 1,994 cars containing approximately 2,921,000 bushels of grain were loaded. In the twenty-four hours of that day this represents 83 cars loaded every hour or a little more than one and one-third cars per minute.

Usually marketings and loadings take a sudden drop with the approach of the close of navigation but this year there was little diminution as the report shows loadings on December 8 at 1,425 cars.

Despite adverse weather conditions in the month of October which retarded threshing, marketings up to December 18 on Canadian Pacific western lines totalled 160,519,000 bushels of wheat and 36,345,500 bushels of coarse grains. During the same period 118,160 cars carrying approximately 173,104,000 bushels were loaded. Of this loading, 9,000 cars went to Vancouver, and a considerable amount was absorbed by interior flour mills, but the great bulk went to the head of the lakes, Fort William and Port Arthur, passing through the Winnipeg yards, including North Transcona, the largest individual yards in the world having a capacity of 10,000 cars.

From there the movement was over a 420 mile stretch of double track line to the lake front and on this run some records were also made, the highest number of loads moved eastward in any one day being 1,640. The daily average was in numbers of four figures.

The arrangements made by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the conveyance of the crop worked smoothly and there was not a single case of car shortage justifying the provisions made in the way of up-to-date facilities and heavy freight power.

Clocks Without Hands.

A new type of clock with a square dial and no hands is being tested at Waterloo and other London terminal stations, says an Old Country weekly.

The time is indicated by figures on two small panels, instead of by hands pointing to numerals on a round dial. A new panel is let down automatically as each minute passes, and the hours are changed the same way. The clock, which is driven by electricity, is controlled by a master clock of the ordinary type.

It is easier to read the figures than hands at a distance, and for that reason the timepiece is particularly suited to railway stations. On the new clock the time appears just as it does in time-tables. Thus, at 12.30, all that you see are the figures 12.30.

Musical Trees.

In Barbados there is a whistling tree. It has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and all its pods have a split edge. The wind passing through the pods causes them to emit the sounds that have given the tree its name.

There is a long valley packed with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a continuous deep-toned whistle comes from the valley, the effect being extremely weird.

In the Sudan there is a species of acacia also known locally as the whistling tree.

An Amazing Appetite.

Large animals have the advantage in water. A man coming out of his bath carries one pound of water with him. A mouse coming out would carry its own weight, while a fly in similar circumstances would be loaded with fifty times its weight. Small animals have to have more food because the heart has to do relatively more work. A mouse thus eats one-third of its own weight every day.

Funny to Her.

"Is he really a humorist?"

"He certainly is," replied the sweet young thing. "He actually asked me to marry him."

Easy Role.

Johnny—Papa, what is a philosopher?

Pa—A man with a good liver, heart, stomach and bank account.

Egg-Laying Mammal.

In Tasmania there is a species of mammals, the females of which lay eggs, from which the young are hatched like the young of birds. This is perhaps of the lowest order of mammals. They are about the size of a baby porcupine in color and with strong claws set thickly all over their skins, and by way of a nose they have a slender and narrow beak of white horn.

Receding Chins.

Generally speaking, a receding, weak chin is a poor sign in man and woman. It does not denote a warm nature, shows a lack of moral and mental force, and indicates that its possessor is easily discouraged. All the same, it does not do to sum up anyone from the chin alone. There may be other characteristics which counterbalance defects.

To Restore Charred Paper.

Documents that have been charred by fire are rendered readable if collodion is poured over the charred paper. In a few minutes this dries and a tough transparent coating is produced through which the printing can be seen. Bank notes and other papers thus charred have been treated in this way with success.

Somewhat Expensive Meal.

In central Africa in the diamond mines of De Beers a negro miner recently swallowed 21 diamonds weighing 347 carats. As the stones were worth from $350 to $500 each, this little dinner cost the mine owners $105,000. An X-ray is now used on the miners as they leave for the day.

Voice of Envy.

Betty had tight curls and her greatest grievance in life was to have her hair shampooed. When she was shown her new baby brother, she put her hand on his little bald head and said: "Oh, you lucky little shampooless kiddie."

In Hard Luck.

Jackie was invited to our house the other night to a birthday dinner. He ate heartily of the first courses, and when dessert was presented he sighed and remarked: "I'm afraid I'm running out of appetite."—Exchange.

A Domestic Dispute.

All the public telephones in the railway station were occupied, and in one particular box a man had been standing for nearly twenty minutes. A long queue had formed up in single file behind the box and eagerly awaited his exit.

They noticed that he had a hangdog sort of look and that, although he held the receiver close to his ear, he never once opened his mouth, except to yawn now and then.

At last the man in front of the queue could stand it no longer, and, hauling open the door, he shouted: "Here, is this a joke, or are you speaking to anyone?"

The man at the phone turned round and leisurely surveyed his interrogator.

"No joke at all, my friend," said he. "I'm speakin' to my wife."

She Was Thin.

An American was walking round an old Scots' churchyard. His eye caught the epitaph, "Lord, She was Thin."

"Say, sexton, what d'ye make of it?"

"That's au richt, sir. The sculptor went over near the edge of the stone. He didna' leave room for the letter 'e'."

Belief Is Everything.

Look at history and it becomes but the thoughts of men come to face. All facts, all events, all history are the realization of thoughts in the minds of men. It is not a question whether or not faith affects matters, but the question is whether in the long run anything else affects them. As the race believes, so the world is.—Exchange.

Painters' Good Memories.

Some painters have had wonderful memories. Gustave Dore painted portraits from memory. Abercrombie saw a copy of one of Rubens' masterpieces done so accurately from memory that it required careful examination to distinguish the original.

Admonition.

It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit for want of a friend to tell them of the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For as St. James said, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass and presently forget their own shape and favor." The best thing for any man is the admonition of a friend.—Bacon.

WORLD'S SAFETY-VALVES.

Never Been a Bad Earthquake During a Period of Strong Eruption.

Hardly a week passes without news of an earthquake. To-day we hear of a shock in Alaska, to-morrow of a quake in Japan, next day of an earth tremor in some other part of the world.

The reason why so much is heard about them nowadays, is that we know so much more about them.

That amazing instrument, the seismograph, gives the observer news of earthquakes all over the world and tells him, for instance, of quakes in the bed of the Pacific Ocean or in the unvisited Arctic regions.

Earthquakes have various causes. The small quake is usually the result of a slip of rock far below the surface, but the great convulsions are caused by water leaking down into the super-heated depths, turning to steam, and blowing up like a bursting boiler.

This brings us to the question of safety valves. Volcanoes are the world's safety valves. Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli do the job for Southern Europe, while Hecla and the great Icelandic volcanoes perform the same service for the British Isles and Northern Europe.

Here is another interesting fact. There has never been a bad earthquake during a period of strong eruption.

It was particularly noticeable that when, just under twenty years ago, six thousand people were killed by the appalling upheval in Southern Italy, both Etna and Vesvius had been quiet for some considerable time.

Within the past few years the science of "volcanology," as it is called, had made great strides. There are always men of science at work on the three great European volcanoes.

By means of bore holes made in the sides of these volcanoes, gases are collected for analysis, and records are kept of the temperature in the heart of the rocks.

It is now known that the temperature begins to rise many months before an outburst. It goes on creeping up month after month until it reaches danger-point. Thus the scientists are able to say that an eruption is coming, and to warn those living near the mountain of their danger.

DESERT MIRAGES.

Explorer Gives a Description of This Phenomenon.

Hassenein Bey, the explorer who took Mrs. Rosita Forbes on her journey to Kufra, in the heart of the Libyan Desert, gives a description, in the Wide World Magazine, of the phenomenon of the desert mirage:—

Sometimes, during a whole day's trek, a narrow strip of water like shimmering on the horizon ahead of the caravan. It never gets any nearer, but continues to offer a cool and refreshing invitation until the sun has rolled round to the west and the mirage vanishes away. It is a purely optical illusion, of course, for there is no water there.

In the early morning another kind of mirage sometimes appears. The country far ahead of one appears in the sky at the horizon "upside down." This is not, like the other variety of mirage, entirely an illusion. It is really the reversed reflection of the territory thirty or forty miles ahead of which the observer stands. As the sun rises higher above the horizon, the mirage suddenly vanishes as magically as it came.

There are also other tricks of light-reflection in the desert. Sometimes, for instance, a small pebble the size of a cricket ball, seen from a mile away, may assume the appearance of a big rock, standing out like a landmark, while the skeleton or part of the skeleton of a camel or a human being takes on most fantastic shapes.

It is absurd to say that the Beduoin is lured by the mirage out of his way and even to his destruction. The seasoned desert traveller knows a mirage when he sees one. It is possible, indeed, that the "upside down" variety may be a positive assistance, since it can suggest what kind of country lies ahead. The mirage is an interesting phenomenon, but it is not one of the perils of desert travel.

Vanilla From the Orchid.

Ask an average man whether he has ever tasted the fruit of an orchid, and the chances are that he will reply that he has not. But he has at least, if he eats ice cream and cake. From which statement it may be inferred that the fruit alluded to is not eaten like an apple, peach or pear but is consumed in the form of a flavoring extract. Precisely, and it is an extract that is one of the most widely known and generally used in the world—vanilla.—Exchange.

The Desert's Silence.

No quality of nature is more absolutely fulfilled than the desert's silence. Even the sea, with all her mystery, fails to keep her secrets as the shifting, sifting sands. And with the cool of the desert nights the heavens are uncovered as nowhere else. The wonderful desert night, when the hot sands turn cool and the heavens are revealed in their perfect glory and rest, the perfect rest of that eternal quiet which succors the soul.—H. S. Carroll.

EQUALITY OF WOMEN

MOTHERS WILL WELCOME NEW LAW IN BRITAIN.

Guardianship of Infants' Act Gives Mothers a New Place In the Household—Parenthood Is a Partnership —Affects Marriage of Minors.

Though little has been heard of the Guardianship of Infants' Act, says The Tit-Bits, which has just become law, it contains some important provisions regarding the relationships between parents and children, and gives mothers a new place in the household in Great Britain.

Before the measure was passed the father's word was, at any rate in the last resort, law in the home. To him was given the custody of the children, and he could decide how they should be brought up—where they should live, how they should be educated, what religion they should follow.

If the mother did not see eye to eye with him—well, her position in some particulars was not very different from what it was when Vice-Chancellor Malins laid down the dictum, "By the laws of England, by the laws of Christianity, by the constitution of society, where there is a difference of opinion between husband and wife, it is the duty of the wife to submit to the husband."

Accordingly, the father could take the children away from the mother. Not long ago, for instance, a woman asked a certain Bench for help in recovering her baby, which had been taken from her by her husband. Though there was nothing against the mother, the magistrates were unable to assist her; she had no rights in the child.

Subsequently another woman appealed to the same Bench for protection against the mother. In the interval the father had been sent to prison for a long term, and had handed over the child to this woman. The mother then thought that if she could not regain it, she could at least see whether it was being well cared for, and had tried to gain admittance to the other woman's house. The magistrates could not help the mother, though they could, and did, order her to keep quiet.

Now the law recognizes that parenthood is a partnership, and gives both parties the same rights and responsibilities. They are also, whether living together or apart, equally liable for the maintenance and education of their children according to their means.

This extension of woman's emancipation affects the marriage of minors. The consent of the mother, as well as of the father, must now be obtained to the marriage of persons under the age of twenty-one. If the parents are divorced or separated, the consent of the one to whom custody has been committed is essential, and if the minor lives with father and mother alternately the consent of both is necessary.

But consent cannot be withheld arbitrarily. Lovers who consider themselves aggrieved may take their case to the police court, or county court, and thence to the High Court, where a decision of a magistrate under the law may be overruled. It is provided, also—and this is a concession that is sure to be appreciated—that a case in the High Court may be heard in chambers instead of in the open court, if the High Court.

A further provision of the Act removes a serious hindrance to the marriage of minors by license. If it can be shown that the withholding of consent is required is absent, or inaccessible, or suffering from a disability such as lunacy, then consent of such person may be dispensed with should there be any other person whose consent is wanted. Otherwise permission must be obtained from the courts, or, if the ceremony is to take place in church, from the Master of the Faculties.

These are important changes; but the Act is valuable chiefly because it helps to complete the equality of women.

Women In Britain.

In Great Britain nearly 1,800 women are engaged on railways as shunters, level-crossing workers, porters, pointsmen, yard-masters, and station-masters. About 32,000 are employed as electrical workers, and 83,052 are on the land. There are 140 women undertakers, 500 barrow-boys and hawkers, 200 chimney-sweeps and 21 racehorse trainers and jockeys.

Moral "Risks."

It is pointed out by a modern thinker that there is no such thing as a moral risk, for when we talk about a "risk" we mean that there is a possibility, but not a certainty, that harm will result. A boy takes a physical risk when he goes skating on that part of the river where the ice is thin. He may fall through and injure his health or lose his life. But when we venture on this ice in our moral life there is no risk in the matter at all. There is assured catastrophe from the moment we start in that direction. No one can do anything which he knows involves possible moral danger without thereby definitely passing beyond the line of mere danger into positive injury to his character.

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WEEKLY SPECIALS

You will always find Real Bargains on our counters.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be three Big Bargain Days. See the adv. on page 4

36 INCH FLANNELETTE

Extra quality Flannelette, full 36 in. wide, made from selected cotton thread. A real bargain at 39c. yard. This week

3 Yards for $1.00

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Pure Linen Towelling, English make, in plain White and stripes. This week

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MEN'S FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR

We will sell our regular $1.00 quality fleeced lined Shirts and Drawers, at

Per Garment, 79c.

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS

Extra special for this week, 10 doz. Men's Work Shirts in Khaki and Dark Grey Domett, large make, with yoke and pocket, double seams, regular $1.50.

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In Black only. An imported Worsted Hose in sizes 8½, 9, 9½ and 10.

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ODD FEATS TO WIN WAGERS.

Frenchman Walks One Thousand Miles on Stilts.

To consume 72 new laid eggs in one minute is a task few would attempt. Yet Edward Canning, the "world's champion egg eater," performed this feat at Liverpool in 1922 without much difficulty.

At Paris some years ago a Spaniard named Martinez gave one of the most extraordinary exhibitions on record. Clad in flannel trousers and shirt, and with a large cloak of the same material and a felt sombrero, he entered a large oven that had been heated for several hours by a furnace.

He sang a song whilst a fowl was being roasted by his side, and at the end of ten minutes came out again, the temperature registered being between 292 degrees and 312 degrees Fahrenheit, or about 100 degrees above the temperature of boiling water. The Spaniard's pulse when he came out was 176.

Shortly before the war a French man named Lacaille made a bet that he would walk from Paris to Berlin and back again on stilts, the stipulation being that he should not once, while on the actual journey, get down from his pedestal. Lacaille took his food and his sleep tucking up against the walls of churches and houses, and, strange to relate, won his bet comfortably.

In August, 1924, there was witnessed a remarkable occurrence at Waterloo dock, Liverpool. Samuel Scott, a native of the city, wagered that he would dive from the top of a masthead into the basin. Nearly 100,000 people gathered to see him make the attempt. Scott won his bet all right, diving from a height of 196 feet, and so lightly did he regard the exploit that he repeated the performance a few hours later.

Another extraordinary feat was that performed by a German named Emilio Schiersa, who undertook to travel from Manchester to London mounted on a wooden globe. The globe was a little less than three feet in diameter, and weighed but 87 pounds. Schiersa successfully accomplished his task, the distance between the two cities at an average speed of about eight miles an hour.

A few years ago a porter named Fowler, employed at Billingsgate Market, London, wagered that he should be provided with a knife (which he was not to open until he touched the water) with which to rip open the sack.

Fowler duly carried out his intention, and went over London Bridge early one morning in the presence of a large concourse of people. When picked up later by some of his friends in a boat, he was found to be none the worse for his adventure.

Two butchers, one hailing from London and the other from Gateshead-on-Tyne, had a dispute as to which was the quicker meat dresser, and, in order to settle the matter, a match was arranged between them.

The contest took place in the Standard Theatre, Gateshead-on-Tyne, on January 10th, 1907, and the prize was to go to the one who dressed a fat bullock of an average weight of 55 stones in the quickest time and manner.

At a given signal both men started to wield their knives, and in a little over 21 minutes, amid great excitement, the Londoner completed his task, the loser taking five minutes longer.

Niagara has been the scene of many an extraordinary feat. One of the most remarkable was that performed by a man named Carlisle Graham, who successfully passed through the whirlpool rapids in a barrel.

LOCARNO.

Town Lies In the Italian-Speaking Part of Switzerland.

The town of Locarno lies in the Italian-speaking part of Switzerland, and is called the Queen of the Maggiore, after the wondrous lake which lies between the glories of the Alps and the quiet, fertile plains of Lombardy. The community has been a part of Switzerland since 1512, but in appearance and mode of life it is Italian. It was founded by the Romans and rose in the sixth century A.D. A fine piazza traverses the town, which now has about 4,000 inhabitants, from the lake to the Via Alla Motta. On one side are picturesque houses, with arcades, and on the other are the public gardens enclosing the Casino and post office. A famous church, perched on a hill, overlooks the deep blue lake, with its setting of hills and mountains, the approach being lined with the fourteen stations of the cross.

There is a luxuriant growth of flowers at Locarno, with almost tropical vegetation. The climate is well-nigh perfect, the air soft, without humidity, and scarcely any frost in winter.

Cork Hint.

If you need a cork and cannot go to the store to get the right size, take an old cork and soak it in boiling water for fifteen minutes. It will then fit any bottle.

Call Out Convicts' Union.

In the event of the prison officers striking in future several old hands now undergoing sentence have offered to come out in sympathy.

An Old Settler.

"A mammoth's skull and tusk found at Denham, England, are said by Sir Ray Lankester to be 70,000 years old.

That's Easy Enough.

A man's hair, it is estimated, turns gray five years earlier than a woman's.

Some Pointers.

Ten thousand gross of steel pens can be made from one ton of metal.

Choice Celery

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Fresh Tomatoes

Cauliflower

Try Our

Teas and Coffee

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law

DEC 31 PA
WONDER IF THERE CAN BE ANYTHING TO THIS HERE WISHIN' STONE OL' PETE SENT ME? WELL - I'LL KNOW PURTY SOON - IVE MADE A WISH AN IF IT COMES TRUE I'LL BEGIN T' BLIEVE 'N IT A LITTLE!
SON - IN - LAW
O-OH, MISSY MA - WOE-SIN YELLY SOLLY? YOU SAY PLESSEE MISSY PA'S DLESS-PANTS AN' WHEN WOE-SIN GO DO, HE ALL SAME BLURN YELLY BIG HOLE! WOE-SIN YELLY SOLLY!
OH, ISN'T THIS PROVOKING! HIS ONLY PAIR OF DRESS-TROUSERS RUINED! HERE I'VE BEEN GIVING THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY AT THE RITZMORE TONIGHT AND HE CAN'T GO!
OH YA BEAT IT? I WISHED FOR A QUIET, PEACEFUL NEW YEAR'S EVE AN', BY JINKS, I'M GETTIN' IT! ER - I DON'T KNOW WHERE TH' CREDIT BELONGS, THO - 'T' TH' WISHIN' STONE OR - WOE-SIN!
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Thor Washing Machines.

National Electric Appliances of all kinds.

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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Public Worship at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., will be conducted by the Pastor.
9.30—Class meeting
11.45—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.45 p.m.—Mid-week Prayer and Praise service.

Card of Thanks.

The family of Mrs. Hugh Cambridge wish to thank the friends and neighbors for their kindness during her illness and death at Yarker. 6-ap

Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeting of this society will be held in the usual place on Tuesday, Jan. 12th, at 2.30 p.m. Quilck, hot supper dishes —members. Roll Call : Dont's for sick room.

To the Public.

All parties are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mary Ann Snider.

FRANK SNIDER, Odessa. 6-bp

I. O. D. E. Competitions.

Conditions governing the above will be found in another column. The attention of students, literary and artistic persons, as well as the public is directed to the same. The prizes are worth winning, and the Competitions are open to anyone clever enough to win them. The Christmas Card Competition closes on the 1st February, 1926, so competitors must hesitr themselves.

James Belcher Dies in Pontiac.

James Belcher, 90, an employee of the city of Watertown for 50 years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Freeman, at Pontiac, Mich., on Monday, of last week. Mr. Belcher resided in Watertown until about two years ago. Mr. Belcher was born in England, and after his marriage moved to Napanee, Ont., where he resided for some time, until removing to this city, until the last few years of his life in this city, Mr. Belcher was an employee of the city. His work was as a member here covering a period of about 40 years, most of which was spent in working in the Arsenal street district.—Watertown Times.

Installation of Officers.

At a regular meeting of Mt. Ararat Encampment No. 16, I.O.O.F., on Monday evening, the officers were installed for the ensuing term by A. J. Smith, I.D.D.G.P. At the conclusion of the work of the lodge, refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening spent by all present. Following are the officers :

P.C.P.—W. R. Roe.
C.P.—W. J. VanDusen.
S.W.—R. Dennis.
H. P.—Wm. Davis.
J. W.—Cowling.
Scribe—M. F. Holmes.
Treas.—J. W. Thompson.
Guide—F. B. Mills.
1st Watch—H. E. Thompson.
2nd Watch—Jas. McGillivray.
3rd Watch—Wm. McLaughlin.
4th Watch—Chas. Card.
I. S.—R. B. Fair.
O. S.—Jas. Watson.
Pianist—Claude Knight.

Installation of Officers.

The annual installation of officers for Union Lodge No. 9, A.F. and A.M., was held on Monday evening last, R. W. Bro. Jas. Fennell, being the installing officer and he was assisted by V.W. Bro. J. W. Thompson, Bro. F. J. Walters and W. Bro. Bert Long. The officers installed were as follows : Bro. Geo. Robinson, W.M. ; W. Bro. E. L. Dexine, I.P.M. ; Bro. J. M. Simpson, S.W. ; Bro. Wilfred Wilson, J.W. ; W. Bro. J. H. H. Coleman, Chaplain ; R.W. Bro. J. G. Fennell, Secretary ; Bro. E. McLaughlin, Treasurer ; Bro. Frank Smith, S. D. ; Bro. Percy Laidley, J.D. ; Bro. Frank Bell, I.G. ; Bro. B. M. Black, S.S. ; Bro. J. A. Laughland, J.S. ; Bro. Beaubien, Tyler. At the conclusion of the lodge session the assemblage sat down to a most sumptuous banquet, after which several toasts were proposed and responded to by a number of the brethren.

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Seats free.
All are cordially invited.

BAY CIRCUIT
Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School 10 a.m., Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Bethany Church—Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public service, 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church—Sunday School, 10.30 a.m. ; Public worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :
Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

MRS. A. W. GRANGE.

On Thursday afternoon last in Trinity Church at the public funeral service of the late Mrs. A. W. Grange, fitting tribute was paid by the Rev. W. R. Tanton, to the life work of a great woman. Over a span of nearly half a century her influence, her fine brain, her untiring energy and her unselfish devotion to all good works had enduring impress on this community. She was the pioneer of the movement in town and county for an organized Children's Aid Society, and was for over two decades its capable and energizing treasurer. She was, during the Great War, the directing head of the Red Cross work in Napanee. For thirty years she taught inspiringly the Adult Bible Class of Trinity Church, preparing her illuminating Sunday talks of God's purpose for mankind through the ages, by long hours of study, rising with the dawn and reading of history, essays and theology, before the day's work claimed her time. For nearly a quarter century she was on the governing board of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, serving first as Secretary and then as President of the Bay of Quinte Conference branch. She was a frequent contributor to various publications in the interests of foreign missions and a clear and compelling speaker at Missionary conferences. For many years she was vice-president of the Napanee Historical Association, and of all history, both ancient and modern, she was ever a keen student. To all the activities of Trinity Church she gave of her time, her energy and her wise counsel unsparingly. For the course of temperance she worked long and intelligently, being for years president of the local W. C. T. U.

Years ago she organized the first Chautauqua reading course in Napanee, and her home became the centre of this medium of culture to a large group. Her interests were many, her influence was wide. Her sympathies and her service were limited only by her opportunities. Her religious faith was strong and sure-founded. She had the respect and love of all. She had no enemies. To her six children she was an ideal mother. To her husband, the late Alexander W. Grange, who predeceased her six years ago, she was a devoted help-meet.

Her passing after a long life of rich service leaves a big gap in Napanee's members of the Legion of Honour.

Among those from out of town attending the funeral, in addition to her children, were her brothers, Mr. Fred Daly, of London Ont., and Dr. R. A. Daly, head of the geological department of Harvard University, who came with Mrs. Daly ; her brother-in-law, Mr. William Hanson, of Montreal ; and her sons-in-law, Mr. O. C. Lailey, of Toronto, and Dr. H. F. Morin, of Bath, Maine.

Telegrams and letters of sympathy to the family came from all parts of Canada, including one from the Prime Minister, Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. The floral tributes included wreaths from the Official Board of Trinity Church, from the Ladies' Aid, of which Mrs. Grange was for many years President, from the Sunday School, from the Children's Aid Society, from the W.C.T.U., of which she was a past president, from the staff of the Collegiate Institute and from the Red Cross.

CAMDEN EAST.

Miss Maude Russell, Peterboro, is at her home.

Among holiday visitors those noticed were : Mr. and Mrs. G. Riley, Guelph ; Miss Marian Riley, Ottawa, and Miss Marjory Riley, Toronto with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Riley.

Miss Cecelia Osten, accompanied by two friends from Kingston, is with her parents and sister, Pearl.

Miss Helen Hinch and brother, Arthur, with their mother, Mrs. G. Hinch.

Mrs. Goodwin and Arnott, Toronto, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner.

Mr and Mrs. Claude Hinch and baby, Kingston, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Samson, Flint Mich., are visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Breen, Syracuse, with her parents, Mr and Mrs. J. Macdonald.

Our sportsmen enjoyed a shooting match on Dec. 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald spent Christmas with their son, Percy and family, in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Histed with their son, Herbert, and family, at Deseronto.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Peomans and little son, at H. Dunn's, Bicknell's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. George Black at his daughter's, Mrs. Close, Croydon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hinch and sons at M. Hinch's.

Miss E. McCaughey and R. Longmore at Delbert Sexsmith's, Bicknell's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Valentine and children also Mr. and Mrs. Fred Switzer spent Christmas at J. H. Amey's.

Mrs. Sherlock is spending two weeks with Mrs. T. Sexsmith, Bicknell's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Yeomans have gone to spend the winter with their son in Dayton, Ohio.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.30—Morning Service.
11.45 Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Public Worship.

CURLING

PRESIDENT VS. VICE-PRESIDENT GAMES

Friday last (New Year's Day) was a big day for the local curlers at the Napanee rink, when the President vs. Vice-President games were played.

The four sheets of ice were occupied both afternoon and evening and all the teams keenly contested with one another for supremacy, having in view the fact that the losing side would have to provide an oyster supper for the victors. For the first time in a good many seasons the President Rinks were successful in winning from the Vice-President Rinks, and it was not until a few minutes before the play finished that either side felt sure of winning. In the afternoon games the President rinks were on top, with fourteen shots to the good. In the evening the Vice-President rinks did their best to overcome the afternoon lead, but were not entirely successful, although they beat the President rinks by two shots. The final score was : Six shots for the President rinks as against sixty-one for the Vice-President rinks.

The oyster supper will be held at the Paisley House on Tuesday evening, when an interesting time is expected.

Owing to the soft weather on Monday it was impossible to commence the seasons regular schedule games, and they will have to be postponed for a day or two.

McIntosh's For Sale, January 7th, 8th, 9th.

DESERONTO.

The delayed Christmas entertainment by the Methodist Church Sunday School was given at the church New Year's night. A most interesting and inspiring pageant, "The Light of the World," was produced by the members in full regalia to match the parts portrayed. The seven scenes, "Prophecy of the Coming of the Messiah," "The Manger at Bethlehem," "The Vision of Isaiah," "The Light from Bethlehem spreads into all the world" and "Consecration and Coronation" were very realistic and beautiful. The scenes were enhanced with colored lights. For the staging the pageant, the audience was treated to a chorus, "Christmas Wealth" by the primary class. The little tots were all dressed in white, carried a wreath and red flower. Their appearance and performance was about the cutest act ever seen on a Deseronto stage. Mrs. A. E. Sharpe deserves much credit for the training of this class.

Clare W. Malley spent the week-end with friends in Toronto.

Miss Mary Fox was home from Kingston over Sunday. Miss Fox who has been in the Bell Telephone service for a number of years, is now stationed at Kingston.

Mac Perry has returned from a very delightful holiday with friends at Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Smith have returned to Ordlin, after a holiday visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Perry and family.

Harold Abrams has returned to Humberstone, after spending the holidays with his parents, College street.

The scheduled game of hockey between the High School, of Napanee, and Deseronto, at Whitten's Rink New Year's night, drew a good crowd of fans. The game, however, proved to be more or less disappointing for the reason that the Napanee boys were not in it. The score stands, 8-0, in the local lads. They failed to make a score, while the aggressive locals piled up 18 scores.

T. S. McWain was out on Monday for the first time since last September. At that time Mr. McWain suffered a serious operation at the Hotel Dieu, Kingston.

Robt. McFarlane's portable saw mill is being set in at the usual place for the winter's sawing at Deseronto.

Miss Vivian Oliver and Ruben Clement, niece and brother of Mrs. H. W. Harvey, returned from Kingston Monday. Miss Oliver reported a slight improvement in the condition of Mrs. Harvey.

Miss Clara Dunn was hurriedly taken to the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, about midnight, Saturday last, by Dr. J. S. Bowes. Miss Dunn was painfully and alarmingly injured at about 10 o'clock while skating at the new rink. She and many of her set of young people were playing snap-the-whip. Miss Dunn was on the end, her hold broke and was violently thrown against a goal post. The skin and flesh was torn from the right limb clear to the bone from the knee to the foot and it is thought that the bone is cracked. Miss Dunn is about 13 years of age and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn, a prominent family of the town.

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See Lille's Grey Shoppe first, advertised on front page.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"THE LIVE WIRE," a comedy starring Johnny Hines, and released by First National.
And a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," the Fox motion picture, based on Zane Grey's novel, brings Tom Mix back to the West.
Also a funny two reel comedy.
And other reels.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Big double show, two features and a comedy.
One of the fiercest, most realistic man-to-man fights ever screened is seen in "ONE SHOT RANGER," the Western melodrama, by Peter Morrison.
Carl Laemmle presents House Peters in "THE TORNADO," the sensational melodrama adapted from Lincoln J. Carter's famous stage spectacle.

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Too Much Johnson.

A seeker after knowledge asked the young woman behind the desk of one of Brooklyn's branch public libraries for Boswell's "Life of Doctor Johnson." She catechised him as to what Doctor Johnson's first name was—and how did Boswell spell his name and what were his initials. Then she confided with a charming smile that she wanted to be sure. "There are so many Doctor Johnsons, you know," was her final comment.

Intemperance a Danger.

As love and self respect are the pillars of the house life, so intemperance is the certain destroyer of the home, attacking as it does the very fabric upon which it rests. Very many people imagine temperance refers to abstinence from, or moderation in drinking spirituous liquors, beer or narcotic drugs. But it is possible to be intemperate in words and actions.—Exchange.

Training Memory.

The memory ought to be a storeroom; many turn theirs into a lumber room. Train the understanding. Take care that the mind has a stout and straight stem. Leave the flowers of wit and fancy to come of themselves. Like the sun, we cannot see it moving, but after a while we perceive that it has moved; nay, that it has moved onward.

One Definition of Envy.

"Envy," said Uncle Eben, "is one of de unpleasant symptoms 'sperienced by folks dat has been tryin' to git somethin' fob nothin'."

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THE NEW FOREST.

Contains Ruins of Once Famous Beaulieu Abbey.

Soon after his capture of the throne of England in 1066 William Duke of Normandy set apart a large tract of forest and woodland in Hantsshire, in the southern part of England, for a game preserve. To the preserve he gave the name New Forest, and by that name the tract is known to-day, although it is now fully 850 years old.

The New Forest in Hampshire is west of Southampton Water. It is still well wooded with beautiful scenery. The greater part of the Forest, about 100 square miles in all, is crown property, the land that the first Norman King took possession of and used. It now belongs to the nation, for that is the meaning of crown lands, and extensive tracts are enclosed over which another crop of trees is growing or where the standing timber is safeguarded for national use. Roads traverse the Forest, connecting a few small villages with one another and the outside world. Of these villages the chief is Lyndhurst, standing near the centre of the Forest. In Domesday Book, the general register of the Norman times, the place is called Linhest, meaning wood of lime trees. It is now known as the forest capital, and is haunted by tourists. In the southeastern part of the Forest are the ruins of the once famous and beautiful Beaulieu Abbey, founded by King John, and which is the scene of a considerable part of Sir Conan Doyle's charming tale of life in the Middle Ages, "The White Company."

A very ancient trade is carried on in the New Forest. It is that of charcoal burning. How old the use of charcoal is, is indicated by the fact that the coal spoken of several times in the English version of the Old Testament always means charcoal. This kind of fuel, obtained by slowly charring hard wood by means of a covered fire, was in common use in England before mineral or mined coal was used. And the manner in which charcoal was then produced is still followed by the charcoal burners of the New Forest. They are burning charcoal just as their ancestors did when the Norman Kings were on the throne more than 800 years ago.

The charcoal burning is done in a shallow pit 10 yards in diameter. The wood is cut and piled into small stacks, each stack being about four feet long. The Government overseers sell the wood to the burners; which is felled and ready when sold.

The logs are tacked together in a circle leaning inwards and covered with bracken, tufts of grass, and litter. "It is set alight from the top, a small piece of lighted wood being thrust into the centre. It then burns downwards, and the skill lies in producing charcoal without breaking it into pieces. Water is sprinkled on the pile from time to time, and although there is a great heat actual flames are kept under till the end of the burning. About two tons of charcoal are produced at a burning, and the operation takes three or four days.

Ears That Tell Ages.

To ascertain the age of a horse, if not too old, it is usual to examine its teeth. To tell the age of a fish, regardless of age, look at its ears.

"In the internal ear of a fish there is a little bony pocket. In this pocket is a tiny stone called an otholith which rolls about as the fish tips this way and that, and so helps it to know if it is right side up. As the fish grows older, so a writer in English Mechanics, the otholith grows larger, and the age of the fish may be determined from its size.

Swam the English Channel.

The names of those who have swum the English Channel, with the time of each, are: 1875, Webb, 21h. 45m.; 1911, Burgess, 21h. 36m.; 1922, Sullivan, 20h. 50m.; 1923, Tirabochi, 16h. 33m.; 1923, Toth, 16h. 54m.

GAMBLERS ALL.

Betting Is One of the Weaknesses of the World.

A proposal to suppress gambling associations in Calcutta is exciting much interest in India.

Some time ago rain gambling, the most popular form of wagering among the natives of India, was made illegal. In one densely populated quarter of the city was a specially constructed roof, in the street below which there was always a crowd.

According to the appearance of the sky, members of this crowd were prepared to bet on whether or not rain would fall within a certain period. For the purposes of the wager, rain was considered to have fallen when water appeared through a pipe leading from the roof.

Since this form of gambling was suppressed, the natives have started to "deal" in mythical consignments of goods. There is no question of delivery, the idea being simply to gamble on margins. That is to say, one gamester "buys" from another, say, 1,000 bales of jute for delivery within a week. He pays, or is paid, the difference between the price of the jute when he bought it and the price on the day fixed for delivery.

It is now proposed to deal with any building in which transactions of this kind are permitted as if it were a common gaming-house. But whether this will stop gambling among the natives is doubtful.

The gambling instinct is not, of course, confined to the natives of India. The Chinese are inveterate gamesters, and in our own land betting is not altogether unknown.

Probably the golden age of gambling in England was the eighteenth century. Then men would bet on practically anything. Even as recently as 1825, a year of record of one, John Smith, having matched himself to eat a pair of men's shoes in fifteen minutes. John, unfortunately, broke down while in training, being afflicted with indigestion after eating a child's half-boot.

When Dover Pier was being built it was noticed that two divers, who had gone down in diving-bells, were staying below longer than usual. Search was investigated, and it was found that the divers had been catching crabs and making them run races on the sea bottom. Naturally, there were bets on these "races."

Bets have even been made on the floor of the House of Commons. Sir Robert Walpole, the Premier who made political corruption an "exact science," and was accustomed to buy votes openly, on every man had his price, once quoted a passage from Horace in a speech. Pulteney, then the leading light of the Opposition, challenged the accuracy of this quotation, and Walpole backed his memory to the extent of a guinea.

An authority was found which, Walpole, found to be wrong, handed over the guinea. Pulteney, accepting it, said he would take it without a blush, and added significantly that it was the only money ever given by Walpole in the House of Commons for which a member received but not equal reason to blush. This guinea, which was kept as an heirloom by Pulteney, is now in the British Museum.

TUNA FISHING.

Sportsmen From All Over Country Visit Nova Scotian Waters.

The tuna fish, closely related to the mackerel, has for years been plentiful along the coast of Nova Scotia. For years it was looked upon as a nuisance by the in-shore fishermen as it became tangled in nets and gear and caused considerable damage. However, a market for tuna was opened in the United States, where it is highly favored by people of Italian and Portuguese extraction.

The fish are caught in trap-nets, and a "spiller" net is used to draw the fish within killing distance, after which they are despatched and then landed. The head and tail fins are removed from each fish, and it is packed whole in individual boxes and shipped. These fish vary in size from 450 pounds to 1,000 pounds and their value as a food fish compares favorably with any of the large fish. The steak portions are, in appearance, not unlike a good quality of beef, while other parts closely resemble veal and are greatly relished by epicures.

Fishermen for sport are drawn each season in large numbers from other parts of Canada and from the United States to the coastal waters of Nova Scotia by the tuna-fishing; and catches weighing from 600 to 750 pounds frequently reward their efforts and skill with rod and line. Zane Grey, the novelist, is said to hold the record for the largest catch. He landed a 758-pound tuna after a battle that lasted three and a half hours. During the trip in which he secured his record catch, Mr. Grey's party also accounted for two smaller tuna weighing 736 and 684 pounds respectively. The smaller of these battled six hours before it was landed. The thrills of "playing" these immense fish are manifold and as the fame of tuna fishing off the Nova Scotia coast spreads, increasing throngs of tourists and anglers will be attracted to our Atlantic seaboard.

Couldn't Stop.

Pat, who was always very punctual, arranged to meet Mike at the post office at ten o'clock. Arriving a few minutes before time, Pat decided to walk down the street in the direction from which he knew Mike would come.

Before he had gone far he observed Mike across the street hurrying towards the meeting-place.

"Hi, there, Mike!" he called, "here O! am—come over."

"Begorra," answered the tardy Irishman, "don't be after detainin' me. O'ive only foive minutes to meet yez at the post office."

The Aspirate.

A Londoner speaks over the telephone:—

"Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What, you can't 'ear? This is 'Arrison-haitch, hay, two hars, a hi, a hess, a ho and an hen—'Arrison."—Tit-Bits.

The World's Biggest.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris beats the buildings of the world for height. It is 580 feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. But this is a tower, and the distinction of being the tallest business house in the world belongs to the Woolworth Building in New York, which rises 792 feet above the pavement and sinks 120 feet below it. Even so, it is beaten in actual bulk by the Equitable Building in New York, which, on its forty floors and in its thousands of offices, accommodates 15,000 people.

BECOMES PETTY THIEF

STORY OF "LA GRANDE THERESE" RECALLED.

Romain Daurignac and Sister, In 1902, Concocted Scheme to Make Millions Out of Mythical Fortune —Stole Pair of Slippers.

The gigantic financial scandal in which the mythical millions of "la grande Therese" proved the undoing of thousands of French investors in 1902 has been again recalled.

A few days ago the chief actor of what has been called the greatest fraud of the century was arrested for stealing a 9-franc pair of slippers from a sidewalk display, and now once again Paris is talking of events forgotten during the last two decades. Romain Daurignac, hero of two exploits—one being the launching of millions of worthless bonds on the Paris market, and the second, as he has explained it, "borrowing slippers to show a friend"—is to-day old and white haired. He lives quietly with his sister, seventy years old, that same Therese Humbert who startled Europe at the beginning of the century.

According to his story to the police, Daurignac has been an engineer on a railway in Argentine, says a despatch from Paris to the New York Herald-Tribune. It was in 1902 that with his sister and her husband he concocted his scheme to make them all millionaires. Therese was advertised as having inherited many millions from an American family named the Crawfords, and on the basis of this legendary fortune life annuities were issued, by which the property would revert to investors on the death of Therese. A vast sum of money was obtained in this fashion by Daurignac and his brother-in-law and sister, M. and Mme. Humbert, and they all really did become millionaires before suspicions began to crop up as to the reality of the American fortune. Police investigations dragged and then broke, and cards tumbled at the first steps to expose them. The principals were brought into court and proved unable to clear themselves of the accusations of fraud.

They were given prison sentences, and the sister, eventually, like the mythical millions, faded away. Nothing could have been more unexpected than the identity of the prisoner, an elderly shoplifter arrested by police, should have been in this way become known as Daurignac. At first various papers found on him indicated he had another name, but he finally admitted that Daurignac is his real name, and that the odium attaching to it in the old adventure of Therese had compelled him to change it, in order to enable him to live in peace after his release from prison. He had made many efforts to go straight, he said, but the authorities were unable to forget his famous fraud. Therefore an inquiry has been ordered now into his railway company in the Argentine, which is being liquidated, although at one time reported prosperous. Questioned on the affair of Therese and her millions, Daurignac proved defiant and declared that if he had not been interfered with, all holders of his bonds would be millionaires to-day—and this despite the long since disproved existence of the American fortune.

Daurignac always has been the black sheep of his family. He made his first mistake when he left France for the Argentine a year after his military service fell due. Before "discovering" the Crawford fortune, he had also been a colonizer in Madagascar and a prospector in the Urals, but neither of these fields of endeavor nor the Argentine brought him the riches he sought. He invented his myth then, and, posing as the nephew of the wealthy unknown Americans, lived in Paris a gay, luxurious and sensational life until the bubble was finally broken.

His partners in the fraud, when finally released from prison, seemed willing to forget their dreams of wealth. Humbert returned to his easel, from which his more ambitious brother-in-law, had dragged her. Therese occupied herself with trying to sell his paintings. They won back their reputation for honesty, but Daurignac had been forgotten for years and his whereabouts were altogether unknown until he returned from South America—where his activities still are a mystery—only to fall into the hands of the Paris police for stealing a nine-franc pair of slippers. There was little about this broken man, protesting his innocence of such a petty larceny, to recall the dramatic figure whose gayety and wit during his trial in 1903 made such an impression, even on his much imposed upon public, and who won special fame, now recalled, when, in speaking of the mother of his child, asserted he had been so busy for the ten years he had known her that he had never found the time to marry her.

World's Sixth City.

According to a census taken by the police the city of Buenos Ayres has now 2,310,441 inhabitants, which places the capital in the sixth position on the world map, preceded by London, New York, Berlin, Paris and Chicago. The last estimated census was taken in 1921 when the city was given 1,720,000 inhabitants.

Strange to say though Argentina is a newly settled country its capital holds more than a fifth of its entire population.

Full Measure.

Mr. Jones: "Did you ask the milkman why there is never any cream on our milk?"

Mrs. Jones: "Yes; and I think his explanation was very creditable to him. He said that he always fills the jug so full that there is no room for the cream."

A "Quiet" Week.

"A hear that your wife is dead," said Sandy to his friend.

"Aye," replied Donald, "she slipit awa' on Monday."

"A'm sorry to hear that. When is the funeral?"

"Next Monday."

"Next Monday?"

"Yes. It's like this," answered Donald. "The day we were married she says tae me, 'Donald,' says she, 'you and me will hae a nice quiet week togethef,' and, Sandy, we're gettin' it noo."

PRODUCTS OF AUSTRALIA.

One Hundred Thousand Acres Planted With Grapevines.

When products of Australia are considered there usually comes to one's mind wool and mutton, grain and butter. There are many others, and among these are fruits, dried fruits, especially raisins and currants —products that point to the very temperate climate in parts at least of the great island continent.

More than one hundred thousand acres of the best of land in Australia are planted with grapevines. The grapes are grown for table use, for wine-making, for brandy, for fortifying other spirits, and for the production of raisins, which, of course, are dried grapes. So far as raisins and currants are concerned, the producing states are Victoria and South Australia, and most of these fruits are grown in irrigated districts.

On many of the areas devoted to producing raisins and currants are repatriated soldiers who saw service in the Great War, and both Federal and State Governments have taken a paternal interest in the irrigation settlements which—though growing citrus and other fruit—in the main depend upon obtaining regular and payable overseas markets for dried fruit.

The blocks of land devoted to each settler vary from 15 to 21 acres, although there are smaller and much larger individual holdings. Substantial monetary advances have been made by the Governments to ex-soldiers whose qualifications for the work have been approved by an expert board.

During the season of 1925 there were packed in Australia about 56,000,000 pounds of raisins; and after supplying the home demand, there remained 40,000,000 pounds for export. A large part of this surplus is now going to be sent to Canada. The present annual importation of raisins into Canada amounts to about 38,000,000 pounds, having a value of $3,222,000.

It is estimated that the 1925 pack of currants in Australia will amount to 24,600,000 pounds, and that the surplus available for export will amount to 15,600,000 pounds. It is expected that in the near future the production of currants will reach 30,000,000 pounds, leaving the exportable surplus. It is claimed that the Australian currants are of superior quality, are clean and packed under hygenic conditions.

Canada is now importing each year about 5,600,000 pounds of currants, having a value of $554,310.

THE CERAMIC ART.

Days of Very Good Quality Obtainable In Canada.

The ceramic art is the art of manufacturing articles of baked clay. In clay, such objects being generally called pottery, but including porcelain and terra cotta; and the term also includes the decorating of pottery by painting and modelling. The basis of the art is clay, but only certain kinds of clay can be used to obtain from the ceramic art cannot flourish, or, to use the more common term, the pottery industry. Clay is its foundation.

A large variety of clays is employed, ranging from impure brick clays to high grade white china clay. A recent Natural Resources Bulletin, issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, gives much information regarding the clay products of ceramic clays throughout Canada. It is stated that clays and shales suitable for making common brick and high grade face brick are plentiful and widely distributed throughout Canada. The bricks produced from these clays are not only of good strength and form but also embrace a wide range of color; and they are manufactured in an assortment of surface textures. There is little need for importing any building brick into the country since almost any desired article effect may be obtained by the use of brick made from Canadian clays.

Other kinds of clays are then considered. Pottery clays of very good quality are obtainable in Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Those of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and also some from Nova Scotia are red burning and produce a good body for art pottery, while in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia, there are deposits of light-colored stoneware clays. The deposits in southern Saskatchewan supply the requirements of a pottery at Medicine Hat, Alberta, and the Musquodoboit deposits in Nova Scotia are being worked as a source of raw material for a pottery at St. John, New Brunswick.

In the southern Saskatchewan field a high grade ball clay is also being worked, and shipments are made to various points in Canada. This clay is refractory, highly plastic, and burns to a very good white. It may be regarded as one of our most valuable clay resources.

China clay is known to occur in only a few localities in Canada. In fact, it has only been found in quantities sufficient for commercial use in one place, which is the Parish of St. Remi, Napierville County, Quebec, about thirty-five miles southwest of Montreal. A deposit of China clay or Kaolin is known to exist in Northern Ontario but until railway facilities are provided the deposit cannot become productive. There is also a deposit near Williams Lake in British Columbia.

Fireclays occur in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Firebrick and refractory shapes are made from fireclays in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Nova Scotia. Such firebricks as are manufactured elsewhere in Canada are made from imported fireclays on account of the remoteness of domestic deposits.

One of the most important raw materials at present produced in Canada for use in ceramic industries is feldspar. There are extensive deposits of this mineral, especially in Ontario and Quebec, producing a large tonnage annually of high-grade potash feldspar. The major portion of this goes to the United States, where it is ground and used in the manufacture of porcelain, vitreous enamels, and glass.

Other mine products are used extensively in the ceramic industries, many of which are found in Canada but for certain reasons their production for ceramic use is limited at present.

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SHOPPING AT THE MADEIRA ISLANDS

Statue of Zargo, Funchal

To buy, or not to buy,—that is the question. 'Tis a simple question to answer at the Madeira Islands, where cruise boats usually make their first stop, because everyone knows the finenes of the embroideries which have done so much to advertise the pretty little islands where Columbus chose his wife! The difficulty is, which pieces of the thousands displayed should be selected. Madeira luncheon sets, pillow cases, tea cloths and doilies are both attractive and practical, and if you have tiny friends or petite nieces at home, you will not be able to resist the adorable little baby dresses of the sheerest linen and daintiest embroidery.

Empress of Scotland in Madeira Bay

At Funchal, first stop of the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Scotland" on its Mediterranean cruise, there are dozens of shops where this embroidery is sold. The natives also make intricately woven baskets and reed furniture, but furniture is not easy to carry round on a cruise, and even baskets are somewhat cumbersome, although there is scarcely any limit to the amount of luggage long suffering steamship companies allow their passengers. It is in the narrow streets of Funchal, paved with small, round topped stones laid in geometrical designs, that the tourist usually makes his purchases. Sometimes, if luck is with you, you may be able to buy an exquisite piece of handwork from a pretty woman embroidering in her fragrant garden. But if you are a bachelor, remember the fate of Columbus and beware the fair maids of Madeira.

It is not even necessary to set foot on the soil of Madeira to buy the stamping native products, for hundreds of small boats, with natives vociferously displaying their wares, come dancing over the waves to meet the cruise steamers. But the prices are not so reasonable and the handwork not so fine as in the shops along the narrow, queerly paved streets. Then, too, it would be a pity to miss a ride in the peculiar toboggan sleds which are the chief means of transportation down Funchal's big mountain, Terriero da Lucta.

England to France by Rail.

There must be many among those who spend their summer holidays on the Continent of Europe who will welcome the proposal to connect France and Great Britain by means of two parallel lattes, each providing a double railway line and a road for motor lorries, between Deal and Dover, thus doing away with the horrors which the choppy Channel holds for such a large number of people.

Among a great many advantages which this project possesses over the much-discussed scheme of a Channel tunnel, not the least is that the cost would be much lower. To build a Channel tunnel capable of taking four railway lines, the estimate is £40,000,000, while the cost of the lattes would be, at the very highest, £5,000,000 less than this figure.

Again, the stretch of water between the two lattes, almost as smooth as a lake, would enable barges and trawlers to cross from Britain to France with the greatest ease. In order that the plan may not interfere with shipping the preliminary design, which has been placed before the London Chamber of Commerce by a Swiss engineer—M. Jules Jaeger—provides, broad open passages near the two coasts which are bridged by huge viaducts. The open space under these viaducts is great enough to allow even large liners to pass through.

"Cave of the Winds.

The old stairway leading down past the "Rock of Ages" into the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara Falls is to be abandoned. A new means of exploring the cataract, a tunnel 200 feet long, has been bored through the cliff near which the falls descend. It connects with a shaft sunk 167 feet, down from the surface of Goat Island.

In the shaft are two electric hoists surrounded by a spiral stairway. At the mouth of the tunnel, opening directly upon the whirlpool, a platform has been built of the rock removed in making the tunnel and shaft, another retaining wall being constructed. The mole which affords an excellent "close up" of the Falls, is called "Clearwater View."

Correct!

Professor: "What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Student (all at sea): "Why—er—"

Wire: Correct! Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?"

"The what, sir?"

"Exactly, the watt. Very good. That will do."

The Duchess

By "THE DUCHESS"

Author of "Phyllis," "Mildred Trevanion," "Molly Bawn," "The Hon. Mrs. Vereker," Etc., Etc.

With all the strength of her strong young arms she lifts the heavy piece of wood well above her shoulder, and brings it down again with unerring precision right upon the scoundrel's pate!

Like a stone he drops, half dragging Denis with him, but the girl, jumping into the road, catches him as he falls, and holds him upright still with loving arms. Even now, as at last insensibility overpowers him, as deadly stupor benumbs his every sense, he knows her.

"My beloved! My own little girl!" he breathes, faintly, with but a poor attempt indeed at the old fond name, yet with love unspeakable in his fast-closing eyes. He makes a vain effort to hold her hands to her, and then falls inertly against the bank.

And now it comes to Norah to do what she never afterward can remember doing, or understand how she had the power to accomplish it. But

"The God of love, ah! benedicte,
How mighty and how great a Lord is He!"

Surely He helps her now. Looking at him, lying there in that awful swoon, it comes to her that she must not leave him alone with the murderer beside him while she runs for help. What if the man were to recover while she was away? What if he be not dead? Poor little, tender-hearted Duchess! Let her not be thought abnormally ill in that supreme moment she hopes passionately that she has killed the man who would have slain her lover, and only fears that she has not done so.

What if he should rise and finish his ghastly work while she ran blindly along an unknown road on which that assistance she might never meet! Moisture rises to her brow as she thinks it all out, and then all at once she abandons that idea of raising help, and with one quick in-drawn breath steadies herself for the work she is determined to do this night or die in the attempt.

Stooping, she encircles Denis with her arms, and presently has drawn him, first toward the broken gateway, then through it; through the blessed opening that permits her to drag him out of view of that cruel figure on the ground into the safer shelter of the woods beyond.

Yard by yard—sobbing, panting, with her fear and her fatigue pressing sorely on her, yet never discouraged—she slowly and ever more slowly, as the willing arms grow so deadly weary, drags him to the protection of that lonely hut, close to the fur tree.

Even then she has got him in and laid him softly downward, with the poor broken arm as comfortably settled as she can manage it, her soul for his welfare does not refuse to let her own tender body she strips her sealskin coat, a present from her auntie, to make a soft pillow for his head and then, not thinking it high enough—careless of cold, of discomfort, nay, dead to them—she slips off her flannel petticoat and adds that to the coat.

Not until she has done all this does she permit herself to kneel beside him and look into his face!

Is it his face, that calm, still, motionless mask, all streaked and dyed with blood, blood still flowing? She has been so engrossed hitherto with her terrible task of bringing him here that the idea that her labor might be in vain—that death might already have robbed her of what she most values upon earth—has not suggested itself; but now it comes, and a very agony of despair takes possession of her. Nearer she leans over him, still nearer, in unbearable expectation of his death-like face. What a horrible pallor is that upon his cheek! how soaken are the eyes within their sockets, how cruelly calm the mouth Is—is he dead?

Oh! no, no, no! Not dead! Hurt, hurt nigh unto death, but not dead, no! but oh! not dead, indeed! Her very soul uplifts itself in supplication. Maimed, suffering, broken let him be—but grant that life still lingers within his bruised body.

"Oh! Thou loving Lord! by whom all prayers are heard; hear mine."

Softly, tremulously, she entreats; and now with nervous fingers she loosens his coat and feels for the heart that should beat beneath. And after a minute (who shall say what ages He in it?) a faint pulsation rewards her. He lives! As yet, at least, the vital spark is in him.

But how to keep it there? Deftly she tears first her own handkerchief and then his into strips and binds them round his brow. The search for his handkerchief has brought to light a small flask which, to her joy, contains brandy; but though she tries even with her fingers, to get some between his lips, she fails to make him swallow it.

And now again terror drives her almost wild. Can she do nothing? Will no one ever come to her aid? She runs to the doorway in a sudden agonized determination to rush through all the blinding storm in search of help. But as she crosses the threshold she looks back and seeing him lying there so quiet, to all appearance so lifeless, her heart grows weak with love and her courage fails. Alas! too, even if she were to venture forth, whither could she go? The place is strange to her; she would not know which way to turn, and if she were to wander too far in this gathering darkness and fail to make her way back again, what might happen to him before morn in her absence, alone, unattended, deserted? Oh, no, not here, not here.

A vague hope that they will be rescued later on by messengers from Ventry gives her some wavering comfort, but in truth her present fears are so many that comfort in the future is quickly ousted. It is so cold, too—a bitterly cold night—looks longingly at the dry sticks lying on the hearth, but even she knows that by the aid of the vestas she has found in his pocket when looking for the flask she can set fire to them, she shrinks from doing so, a nervous horror lest the smoke shall betray her resting-place to the enemy reatralining her.

She takes one of his hands in hers and teens it is cold as ice—his very lips, as she lays her fingers on them, seem frozen. She draws off her sole remaining petticoat and wraps it round him, with despair fast gathering on her heart. Oh, to light that fire!

And now a determination enters into her that is only part of the great courage that has all through supported her. Silently she leaves the cabin, and cautiously with her face in her throat, steals down to that high bank that overlooks the road. Some faint little hope—beyond the depth of the wood, and cautiously she peers through the furze bushes to that spot wherein the man had lain. It was Moloney, she knew, at that first awful moment, but now she looks for his stalwart frame in vain.

No man is there!

She casts her eyes quickly up and down the road for many yards—as far, indeed, as her eyes can pierce the gloom—only to find that he is gone.

It is plain then that she had not killed him. He had evidently recovered sufficiently to enable him to make his way home, and, terrified by the thought that succor in some unaccountable fashion has been gained victim, had hidden himself away as far from thespot of his attempted crime as possible.

With a sigh of unutterable relief Norah runs back to the cabin, and seizing the matches sets fire to some dry leaves, that, easily kindled, presently consume the large bundle of sticks into a flame. Cheerily they blaze, throwing out a delicious glow that warms whatever it touches. She draws Denis as close up to it as prudence will permit, and once again tries to force the brandy between his lips—this time with some success. And at last, at last, he moves a little and sighs and finally opens his eyes.

"You, my love," he says, very low, with a faint smile, and as though not at all surprised. So near to the gates of death has he been brought that all emotions, save the one absorbing passion of his life, are forgotten by him; and indeed so weak is he that almost as she believes him to have gained him back again from the portals we all dread for those we love—even as she tries to support him, he faints again, leaving her once more to watch out the long dark hours of night alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I felt a tightness grasp my throat,
As it would strangle me."

It is now far past midnight, and still the storm rages overhead. Heavy bursts of thunderous rain dash against the small window pane, and through the open doorway the inky blackness of the night looks in upon her as she sits cowering, shivering by the hearth, her head resting upon the motionless figure beside her.

Every now and then she rises to chafe the unconscious hands, to look for the faint breathing, to wash away the marks of blood upon the wan face. Little by little she has made him smallow more than half the flask contained, and now with a sad heart she sits watching for the dawn.

Will he live? Will he die? Not even then is she sure she can make her way home in a hurry? And—and—when she gets there what will her welcome be—what will they say—how give an account of herself? How is she to tell them that she has spent the night—the long, long, terrible night—alone with him in this hut? Katherine's face rises before her once again—the bitter scorn of it—the cruel contempt—the wicked meaning.

A thousand times she assures herself that no one can ever be moved to her perjudice when the truth, in Denis' shattered person, lies before them; and yet for all that she knows that unkind comment will be made, and shrinks from the thought of it with a rather undue horror. In this dark hour she recognizes that Katherine is mistress of her secret; remembers, too, little meaning, kindly smiles and innuendoes from Nancy and Lady Glandore, and knows full well that her unhappy affection for cousin, if not shouted, has at last been whispered on the house-tops.

Yes, it is all over. This melancholy night spent here in this desolate cabin will never be forgotten by her world for ever. It seems to her, in the morbid state into which she now has fallen, that for the future she will be an object of outcast, an Ishi pariah, as it were, among her tribe. One little drop of comfort falls into her cup of misery. To-morrow—nay, to-day—her dad is coming to Ventry. To this thought, which is the very sweetest imaginable to her sorely wearied spirit, she clings eagerly; for she has indeed "grown out of bliss"—for when did her dad ever think evil where no evil was? and if all the world were against her would not that be to him one reason the more for declaring himself more openly upon her side—dear, darling dad?

A heavy sigh that rises, falls and moving uneasily upon her seat—a heap of sticks—she suddenly becomes aware of once more, as his eyes open and is looking at her.

"Is that you, Duchess?"

The voice is low, so faint indeed as to be half inaudible, but Norah ears are sharp to hear," and Norah, rising, bends eagerly over him.

"Yes, I am here," she whispers, tenderly. She kneels upon the ground beside him, and softly, lovingly, lays her cool hand upon his forehead. It is still very feverishly; but the wet bandage has evidently been of some use, as the blood has ceased to flow. Gently lifting the injured arm, he draws down the little comforting hand until it touches his lips.

"My beloved, this is a bad thing for you," he whispers with difficulty. "Can you not go home? You are giving up too much for me."

"Not so much as you imagine," whispers she back, smiling. "I have lost my way, do you know? I can't go; so you see I am not doing very much for you after all."

"I know better than that," the words come slowly, disconnectedly, and as if the utterance of them hurts him. "But I shall explain. I'll make them understand if I last till then—if—" His breast rises with a heavy sigh that is almost a groan, and makes a vain effort, that is very pitiable in one so strong, to change his position.

"You are in pain?" says Norah, miserably.

"No. But tired—tired," murmurs he, wearily. Then, seeing her about to rise, he clasps her hand closer. "Don't go! Stay with me. Oh! darling, if I am to die now—after this—with the knowledge that you love me, it will be hard—hard."

"Do not say so," entreats she, raising him with all her strength and so turning him that he will find relief. "Do not—for are only wasting the little power left you. Now, are you better, more comfortable?"

"I am happier than I have ever been in all my life. Oh! Duchess, what shall repay you? Not I—I cannot. But—" He pauses as though he has lost himself, during a sad wild flight grows within his eyes. "You should not be here. You must go—go—before she will have her gibes—her sneers—she—she—"

He has wandered again, but mercifully those cruel imagings soon come to an end, for he sinks once more into the old lethargy and lies as if dead, save for the faint breathings that make themselves heard now and then.

Beside him, with her head still clasped in his, Norah sits quietly, her head bent upon her knees. Sleep insistently on tired thought kindly sleep descends and conquers it, and soon all is forgotten. Oh, blessed sleep, giving unconsciousness, where would the tired ones of the earth find rest if thou were withdrawn?

It is dawn as with a pang of accutest fear she wakes. Nay, more than dawn. The day is well awake, and on the mountain tops the first fleecy clouds of coming morn are dissolving beneath the sun's warm rays. Springing to her feet Norah turns a terrified glance upon Denis, who, alas! has still breathes, and with a rush of thankfulness she bends over him and presses the last few drops of brandy between his lips. She knows perfectly the task that now lies before her, and, having heaped the few remaining sticks on the still glowing embers, she prepares for departure and a return to the place where a severer cross-examination, as she believes, awaits her.

At the door she looks back, and something—is it the helplessness of his attitude or the utter forlornness of him—touches her. In a moment she is by his side again; she is leaning over him; softly her loving fingers brush back the short hair from his brow; long she gazes fondly at him, as one micht upon their dead, with, in her case, an intensity born of the fear that it may be for the last time. Those wretched ones whose beloved are already dead may be counted happy in comparison with those who are left living to suffer, fighting each minute with the Tyrant who conquers all things—love and hate and life and death and jealousy and envy and all uncharitableness.

Norah, kneeling beside him, feels as though indeed this were a last farewell, and at the thought her heart fails her, and she bursts out crying. She dares not believe the terrible idea that so obstinately forces itself upon her, or else (she knows) she will never be able to summon the courage to leave him; yet go she must for his sake.

She presses her lips to his hand, and then, emboldened by his unconsciousness, she presses them by the innocent love she bears him (it is, after all, but a little the more), she stoops and gives him soft, gentle, loving kisses upon the cheek and the forehead, and, at last, after some faint, honest hesitation, his lips, too! Cold, unresponsive, yet how full of dearer because of the sad reason for their coldness!

Then, now bitterly weeping, she runs out of the cabin, and gaining the road turns, without knowing why, to the right. All roads, indeed, are alike to her, so great is her ignorance of her locality, but fortunately instinct, if one may call it so, has in this instance led her aright. It has stood to her that half hour's brisk walking brings her within view of the gilded vane of Ventry, glittering gayly in the morning sunlight.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes; what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderer's tongue?"

At Ventry the utmost consternation holds full sway. During all the past evening questions had been rife, first as to the strange non-appearance of Norah, and later on about the continued absence of Delaney, and presently, as the evening wore on, every one—as if bracketing them—began to wonder, in a rather snide sort of way, as to where they both be.

Until dinner was over, however, no very great alarm was felt, even by Madame Gladstone, who was of opinion that probably Norah had been kept at the rectory, and Denis, who had gone shooting in that direction, would, in all probability, have been compelled by the hospitable O'Shaughnessys to stay and dine with them. At last, at a late hour, when up to nearly eleven o'clock, with the intent to allay the nervous fear that already was beginning to find a home within her breast.

But when midnight came and neither Norah nor Denis had returned, her assumed calm broke down, and she gave way openly to the terror that was consuming her. Messengers were at once sent out, to the rectory first, and then on to the O'Shaughnessy's, and as the two houses were many miles apart, much time was lost on this vain quest. When at last they returned, with Colonel O'Shaughnessy, who was always eager for the fray, and the latter's son, a particular "emergency man," if ever there was one—to say nothing was known of either Norah or Delaney at either of the houses, panic had begun to grow to agony, and the whole male portion of the household was turned out with lanterns and every one to search high and low. Colonel O'Shaughnessy undertook the command; but the night, as we know, was terrific, and unfortunately the madame was under the impression that Norah had gone in a direction diametrically opposite to that she had really chosen. As for Denis, who shall say where a sportsman's fest will take him?

The servants, too, and the out-door continguent were only half-hearted in their search for the missing pair. Nothing so sharp as an Irishman, if one can call him so—but his heart lies a thing; but the Irish peasantry, as a rule, have a frail knack of inventing conclusions for themselves—on every topic under the sun that is at all known to them—and worse still, acting on them; and, as the sportsmen employed on this occasion had come to a unanimous decision that "Mister Dinis an' Miss Norah" were for the "cute" to lose themselves in any storm, the search, though seemingly vigorous and indeed very kind-hearted, was conducted in a way in reality but poorly carried out, and (as we also know), resulted in nothing.

The gay morning brought to madame no tidings of either niece or son. All night long she had spent pacing up and down her room, and from her room down the broad staircase, and through the spacious hall to the entrance door, where, having ordered a fire to be lighted in the hall, she would stand awhile, silent, motionless, listening as one might for a cry for help. But none came home, and nothing was left her but the slow, hopeless journey back again to her resolate chamber. With the first flush of the dawn, despair seized upon her.

It is now seven o'clock, and the dull daylight has penetrated to the shame. One by one the footman extinguishes them in the library, where madame, Lady Glandore, Miss Blake, and some of the others is walking up and down, waiting, waiting always, as she has wanted since ten o'clock last night. She is still in her dinner-dress of black velvet, and her face is ghastly pale; from one side of the room to the other she walks incessantly, not talking, but always with that terrible look of expectancy upon her face. What is it she expects?

To her, as to Norah, the face of the man Moloney has stood out clearly, with its fiendish persistency, all through the changes of the past miserable night.

Lady Glandore, who has risen out of her bed within her rather hot-house style to quite an extraordinary degree, has ordered coffee, and now rises to bring her to partake of it. But madame repulses her with a harshness hitherto unknown to that quiet and kindly nature.

"No, no," she says, hoarsely, almost pushing Lady Glandore away from her.

"But, dearest madame, consider," says that spoiled beauty, taking her rebuff with the utmost mildness. "This may be, after all, only a dreadfully mistaken affair all through, and when presently they come back, we—"

"They!"

Madame looks at her strangely, questioningly, as if not understanding, and then all at once a slow red burns like a flame upon her face. She is expecting them, of course, but something in the way Lady Glandore has spoken has aroused her vision, and shown her a solution of the problem hitherto unthought of.

"He—Denis," stammers Lady Glandore, looking in turn and altering her mistake a little too late.

"You think!" says madame, fixing her with her large, bright eyes grown brighter since her unhappy vigil.

"And even if so—dear madame, would it not be better?" Lady Glandore pauses, a little frightened and confused, yet sure that there has suddenly come into madame's depairing face an expression that is nearer hope than anything she has seen there since yesterday. She is still struggling with a desire to say a little more to the same effect, when the necessity for it is removed by the abrupt entrance of some one.

All eyes are turned to the door, and a little breathless hush falls upon those who form an audience, to what suggests itself as being very likely to be made a scene of a rather rude order. There is a clear promise of it, indeed, in the very way Katherine enters the room. For one thing, she is remarkably pale, and it may be from some powerful emotion indeed, something worse than mere anxiety, to create emotion of so high an order in that well-regulated mind; and besides this, for once the calm, superfitious mouth is a little from under control.

It hardly takes her a moment to get from the door to where madame is standing, quite still now, and as miserable as human being can be. The opening of the door that had brought no tidings had been one disappointment the more. For a little while the two women regard each other critically, uncertainly, and then madame by an effort breaks the silence that has become almost painful.

"You have heard some news," she says, with dry lips, "of Denis?"

"Of Denis? No; I don't expect any." Then, with a cold uplifting of her brows, and a colder smile, "Do you?"

"What else is there to expect?" says madame, tremulously, her eyes dilating.

"A great deal, as it seems to me but you must wait for a post or two As for me, I have been thinking—

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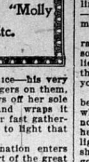
Buckingham, Quebec.—"I am the mother of eleven living children, and my first five months old. I am only 38 years old and have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and my nerves. I knew of it from my sister, Dame Edouard Bellefeuille of Ramsayville. For five years I



was in misery and was always ready to cry. Now I am so happy to have good health. My daughter, who is 18 years old, has also taken it and will be happy to recommend it to all young girls."—Mrs. Wilfrid Lavigne, Box 414, Buckingham, Quebec.

Why suffer for years with backache, nervousness and other ailments common to women from early life to middle age, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will give you relief?

In a recent country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, over 250,000 replies were received, and 98 out of every 100 reported they were benefited by its use.

the night has been long—and I have quite thought it all out." Her voice is so clear as to be positively grating. "There is, in my opinion, no longer room for conjecture. As I tell you, the post-bag is the one thing to look forward to. I felt it to be my duty to come down and warn you of the truth. Don't look for Denis—look for the post-bag." A contemptuous laugh escapes her. Madame, drawing back a step or two, looks with such heartfelt unhappiness around her, that Lady Glandore at once steps into the breach.

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," she says, turning rather bellicose eyes on Miss Cazalet, between whom and herself indeed little love is lost. "But if you could explain yourself and put what you have so evidently come to say into language adapted to our intellects, it would be, I think, a kindness to—madame. As you see," sharply, "she is suffering; come, let her know at once what you think the post will tell her."

"Of her approaching marriage to that lite adventuress," returns Katherine, with a venomous flash from her blue eyes; "I warned you," turning to madame with a touch of rage that all her cleverness cannot conceal—"I told you what the end would be if you persisted in harboring that wily wretch here; I showed you what she was ripe for—you would not listen. You permitted her to remain with you as she deceived him, but—" facing round upon the room and speaking with a slow, deliberate emphasis, "I tell you all, that she has never deceived me. Here," laying a letter slowly and with cruel exactness upon "is a letter from Sir Brandrum Bolleau (who you know) that last night when the truth of this disgraceful elopement was made known to him, asking me to throw up my engagement to—to my cousin."

She beats her hand slowly upon the table as she says this, and then with compressed fashion, and then goes on again as if no pause had occurred. "Denis has come to marry him. As I have already said, I have thought out this—this vile affair—during a long night, and to-day I have written Sir Brandrum an acceptance of his offer. You are all witnesses," lifting her head and gazing defiantly round her, "and before I heard whether Denis was dead or married, or,"—she laughs shortly, mirthlessly, "had gone off on tour with her, I decidedly gave him up and accepted Sir Brandrum. You all hear? You are all witnesses!"

The poor, miserable, egotistical pride of that fighting wife and she can crushes under foot all womanly feeling for the terrible grief of the unhappy mother, that now is close to the heart of those present. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who had come over with the others, is the only one equal to the occasion.

"Well! You're the poorest creature I know!" says she, with an emphatic shake of her head. Miss Cazalet takes not the slightest notice of her.

"You hear? You will remember?" she repeats, despotically, with a little stamp of her foot.

"It is difficult to remember anything just now, except madame's grief and—and the agonizing suspense," says Miss Blake, gravely, with a cold stare. "Pray try to remember that—you have some small consideration for her."

"What consideration is there for me?" demanded Katherine, turning upon her as fiercely as she had done half an hour. "Am I nothing? Am I not to be considered too?"

"Afterward! If this idle imagining of yours should prove true!" dryly

"If? Have you still a doubt then? But you have not!" triumphantly. "Your every look, your every tone is clear to you as it is to me. Do not expect me till you see me,' she said to madame, her 'Auntie,' whom she so loved and caressed, and," savagely "played upon! Yes, you too know that she has run away with him."

"Well, if it be so," returns Miss Blake, composedly.

Katherine would have answered this, but a touch upon her arm checks her.

"Do you really believe it? Do you think it is true?" asks madame, in a low, unnatural voice, that seems to burn into the other's, as though with a determination to force her real meaning from her. Something in their extreme earnestness, yet apart from it—something quick and bright, and altogether different from the misery and despair of the whole since, betrays itself to Miss Cazalet. She shrugs off her aunt's clinging fingers with a passionate gesture.

"You are glad," she says, in an indescribable tone; "you hope it may be so. The very idea has given you new life. You think that I am to leave now, after all these years? You would gladly take this girl to your heart. You can condone this odious offense of hers?"

"Oh, that I could know that he lives," falters madame, clasping her hands.

"You would sacrifice all to that— his honor—mine. While I," she draws her breath sharply, as if she could see him now, this moment dead at my feet." She looks on the ground as she says this, and spreads out her handkerchief before her, as though picturing him to herself there. His mother, with a little sharp, gasping cry, shrinks away from her.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she says, faintly. "Anything but that! Oh! to see him once again alive—alive. Oh! Denis, Denis!" and she sinks rather into the chair she fails a-sobbing as though her heart must break.

"Well, you will," says Miss Cazalet, with a fine contempt; "not only him, but her too. The daughter you were always wishing for in one breath and the son I hope you will like her when you get her. At all events she will give you scope for the tenderest sentiment that must be such a trouble to you."

She laughs again insolently, and moves toward the door. Nancy Blake, who has been standing near it, draws away as she approaches, with an unconscious but very eloquent display of condemnation. But of this Katherine takes little heed. Opening the door, she steps out into the hall and there comes face to face with—

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence."

Such a poor, little, forlorn, dragged, frightened girl, that for the moment she scarcely knows her. Can this be the dainty Duchess?

It is. With a quick exclamation she goes forward, and lays her firm white hand upon the shrinking Norah's shoulder, and twists her

round so that she may still more fully upon her.

"So you have come home! I wonder you weren't ashamed," she says. "And in such a plight too! Where is your beauty gone, I wonder?" She seems to find a rich enjoyment in the girl's miserable appearance. "Come, you have now to explain," she says, and giving a little sharp twist (it is all that is needed) of the strength that belongs to her, she compels the wretched child to follow her, and enter that room to her sad, terrified, bewildered brain, a room crowded with condemnatory eyes.

When she left Denis she had been fortunate in taking at first the path that led direct to Ventry. At the gates she had met two of the search-parties, whom she had at once dispatched to the cabin where lay the unconscious Delaney. A third man she had sent off for the doctor; and having, as she felt, done now for him all she could do, the strain at last relaxed and she gave in. It seemed to her as though something had given way within her head and she lost thought for most things, being only dimly conscious of a room, and of some one, that she might be alone, beyond the view of prying eyes; able to give herself up to the deadly lethargy that is to succeed to suffering.

Then Katherine had seized upon her as she was endeavoring, like some wounded thing, to creep upstairs unseen to her own room, and now she puts up her hands as if to shut them all away from her.

"Norah! Norah!" cries Lady Glandore, rising to her; she is not first madame is before her, and has caught the girl by both her shoulders, and is, in her agitation, swaying her gently to and fro.

"Norah, where is Denis? Where is my son?"

The poor child, bewildered, gazes from one to the other. A feeling of faintness is overpowering her, mingled with that terrible dread of what they will say of her—of public censure—that had tormented her all through the past interminable night. Oh, to escape—to get away! She looks round her helplessly, and makes a feeble effort to shake off madame's detaining grasp.

"Norah, speak," says Lady Glandore in a kind, conciliatory tone.

"Where have you been since last night?"

"In the woods," says the Duchess, trembling, repeating her words seriously the words she had drilled herself to say in the lonely hours spent beside the insensible body. He is safe now. The men must have found him. She cannot lay herself open to the cruel insinuations of Katherine Cazalet. How if she were, in her fury, to tell them all of that scene in the garden! Oh, no, no.

"I lost my way," she stammers, foolishly, the terrible pain in her head beating with maddening force. "I went on—on. I could not come back; there was rain. It was very dark. I—" She breaks off this incoherent speech, trying in a little piteous way to collect herself, and only succeeding in repeating again the words she had impressed upon her tired brain in a more lucid moment. "I lost my way," she says, slowly.

Miss Cazalet laughs out loud.

"Did Denis lose his way, too?" she asks. "It is really refreshing, in such a material age as this, to hear of two beings so charmingly unsophisticated. Two veritable babes in the wood!"

"Be silent, girl! cries Mrs. O'Shaughnessy with honest indignation.

"No. I shall not be silent. What! Is all her path, however depraved, to be made smooth for her?"

"What path?" demands Nancy Blake, quickly. "Confess at least that your first surmise was a false one. There has been no elopement."

"I am nevertheless as firmly convinced as ever, that she, and she alone, knows why Denis is absent from his home."

At the sound of Delaney's name, Norah starts violently.

"Ha! do you see that?" cries Miss Cazalet, triumphantly. "Deny now, if you can, that she is hiding something from us."

"Norah, dearest, try to explain," says Lady Glandore, going nearer to the half-fainting girl and passing her arm round her.

"Pho, pho, do, my dear! Sure a word will settle it one way or the other," says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, giving her an encouraging pat on the back.

"Oh, Duchess! If there is anything to tell, tell it!" entreats Miss Blake, in deep distress, being evidently on the verge of tears.

But Norah is past understanding now.

"I lost my way," she murmurs, foolishly. "It was dark, so cold. I went on, on; I lost my way." She looks round her with darkening eyes and an agonized expression.

"Why!" exclaims Miss Cazalet, creeping slowly up to her, with her head bent and gaze fixed upon Norah's face, "what is this?" She lifts a corner of it. "It is blood!" she cries, shrilly. "Blood! She has murdered him. Look at her, look! It is blood, I tell you. She has killed him."

"Don't be a fool!" says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy with more than her elegance. But even as she says it her tone trembles.

That awful word has penetrated the mists that trouble Norah's intellect; staggering to a table, she leans against it, and turns her miserable eyes on madame. All is forgotten now, save the memory of how she left him; all that natural desire to shield herself if possible from cruel censure is dead within her.

"Send for him," she cries, hoarsely, holding out both her hands—

To be Continued.

Unique Belgian Sport.

Sand-boat racing is a sport enjoyed by Belgian and visitors along the sand dunes of La Panne. The boats are so named because they are sailed on the shore. A small frame is spread on four wheels and on the cross bars of the frame is set a good sized mast and sail. This wheeled craft is guided by a rope, as boys steer a bobsledge or a small wheel. In a good breeze the boats make 15 to 20 miles an hour. The sand sailor can tack or turn his craft around just as easily as if he were sailing on water.

Almost Too Good an Excuse.

Sarah was invited with her older sister to take tea with a friend of her mother. The little girl was anxious to do her sister credit, but after sampling a piece of cake which she had taken upon her plate was unable to eat it because she did not like it. Her hostess, noticing this, said: "Why, Sarah, you haven't eaten your cake!" Drawing a long breath and not wishing to hurt her friend's feelings Sarah replied: "No, it is so good, I can't."

Gulf Stream.

The current of water through the ocean, which is commonly called the Gulf stream, is of varying width at different points. Its width, according to the conditions that influence it, may vary from 45 to 100 miles, and its course also varies slightly from time to time. In popular usage the name is often applied not only to designate the Gulf stream proper, but much of the oceanic drift of the north Atlantic.

Stolen Fruit.

From the Keystone, Philadelphia, Pa.: "Good advertising looks for the person not yet ready to buy, as well as the one all ready to purchase. And the man who is continuously pointing out the desirability of his wares from the selfish standpoint of the buyer will get more buyers into his store than the competitor who does not advertise."

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY

CRADLED BY BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN 1824.

First Pictures Were Purchased From Wealthy London Merchant — Today It Has Over Four Thousand Canvases — The National Cruet Stand.

In 1824 the British National Gallery was cradled, when the Government was persuaded to purchase, for £57,000, thirty-eight pictures from the collection of Dr John Julius Angerstein, a wealthy city merchant.

To-day its canvases number nearly four thousand, and probably a cheque for £3,000,000 would not represent their value.

Once the collection was started, valuable pictures began to pour in. Sir George Beaumont contributed fifteen Old Masters; the Rev. William Holwell Carr added thirty; Lord Farnborough, fifteen; and one, through successive gifts and bequests, crowned by Turner's regal legacy of a hundred of his magnificent oil paintings and 19,000 sketches and water-colors, for which he had refused offers amounting to £150,000.

For a few years the Gallery had no permanent home. It was first housed in a small, dingy, ill-lighted house on the south side of Pall Mall, until in 1833 the walls of its present home began to rise on a site which had previously been occupied by the King's horses. Five years later the collection, now assuming large proportions, was installed in a wing of the new Temple of Art in Trafalgar Square, irreverently dubbed "The National Cruet-Stand," from the "pepper-box" cupolas which crown it.

Such in outline is the early story of one of the finest collections of pictures the world can show, and which costs the country no more than £5,000 a year.

There are pictures in the National Gallery of which you might cover every inch with sovereigns, a dozen or more deep, without reaching their value. There is one canvas, Terburg's "Peace of Munster," for which Sir Richard Wallace actually paid at the rate of £24 a square inch some fifty years ago. There is not a third of a square yard of it, but changed hands for £8,800, and to-day its value is probably twice as great.

Raphael's exquisite Ansidei Madonna was purchased from the Duke of Marlborough for £70,000—at the rate of over £2,000 a square foot. And yet this enormous sum was £45,000 less than its estimated value at the time, and probably not half what it is worth to-day.

For three more of our national pictures Lord Radnor received the enormous sum of £55,000. They are unimpressive enough in subject. One represents two solid gentlemen standing in awkward attitudes, but its painter was Holbein; another is the presentment of an Italian nobleman by Moroni; and the third is Velazquez's splendid portrait of Admiral Pulido Pareja.

For Titian's portrait of Ariosto £30,000 was paid; Van Dyck's magnificent portrait of Charles I., which was sold in the seventeenth century for a few pounds, cost the nation £17,500 forty years ago. For two canvases by Rembrandt, vaguely labelled "Portrait of a Man" and "Portrait of a Lady," Lord de Saumerez received £12,500—a small portion of which sum would have saved the artist from the bankruptcy which was his fate.

For five of the pictures in the Gallery the price paid was £142,000, a sum which represents more than a ton of gold, and a perpetual annual income, at five per cent., of more than £7,000.

Oberammergau.

Miracle-plays and mysteries were very popular throughout western Europe during the Middle Ages, and a notable one has come down to the present time. It is that which every tenth year at Oberammergau, a village of 1,600 inhabitants, on the Ammer river, in Bavaria, Southern Germany, whose chief industry is wood and ivory carving. In 1779 a mandtego was issued by the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg condemning and forbidding the performance of these old miracle-plays and mysteries in Bavaria, on the ground of their hideous mixture of the sacred and profane, but an exception was made of the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

In 1633 the villagers of Oberammergau, on the cessation of a plague which desolated the surrounding country, had vowed to perform every tenth year the Passion of Our Saviour out of gratitude and as a means of religious instruction, a vow which ever since has been more or less regularly observed. The play was permitted to continue on condition of everything that could offend the taste being expunged. The condition has been observed. The players, exclusively the villagers, numbering about 500, act their parts with holistic dramatic power and a delicate appreciation of their assumed characters. The New Testament narrative is closely followed throughout, alternate with tableaux from the Old Testament and choral odes. Many thousands of peasants are attracted to the spectacle from all parts of Tyrol and Bavaria.

Just a Temporary Stay.

After the death of his wife Uncle Will went to live with his brother, and his little niece was overheard explaining it to her little playmate: "You see, Betty, Uncle Willy's wife just died, so he's come to live with us till he finds another one."

Polite Dismissal.

Verona and Effie were playing house one day, when Bernice joined them. They were not particularly anxious to see her that day, and Verona said: "Well, Bernice, you can be the cook, and this is your day out."

Identified.

The alarming report from Scotland that a parrot had developed rabies has proved to be incorrect. The bird, it appears, was merely endeavoring to imitate the bagpipes.—Punch, London.

The Inspired Compositor.

From a Divorce Report—She claims that marriage is nothing but a delusion and a snore.—Boston Transcript.

FATHERS ON STRIKE.

The Modern Parent Won't Buy His Daughter's Trousseau.

"No, mother, my mind's made up. I'll give Doris a cheque for a wedding-present, but she must buy her own trousseau. Things aren't what they used to be."

Mother looked up as her husband said this. She had been pleading with him for some months to begin buying clothes for their eldest girl, who was to be married in six months' time. He argued that, since his daughter had been earning good wages for three or four years and had paid but a small sum towards the upkeep of the home, she should have saved.

Many other parents are arguing along these lines just now, especially those who have younger children to educate and bring up.

Take the case of a girl who is getting on an average £20 per week in wages. She pays her mother £5 out of this for her board and lodgings, and has the whole plus for spending. Surely, the least she can do is to save some of it towards her trousseau!

True enough, but are we treating our daughters who give up their all to parents who are poor, but there are many, on the other kind.

The wedding-day is the most momentous one of a girl's life and it is natural and right that she should have many "presents" to take with her into her new home, but this is very often greatly overdone. For instance, it is not unusual for a girl marrying a man of moderate means to get more than one evening frock until she knows how often she is likely to go out, and it is certainly most unfair to let the younger members of the family go short in order that father may provide things for his engaged daughter which she may never have an opportunity of wearing.

One young man told the story that when he was sixteen his sister was married. His people were poor, but they gave their sister a splendid trousseau, and then had to pin a piece of white linen inside the boy's waistcoat to hide the patch-front.

Many of our modern girls are a bit too inclined to spend up to the hilt on pleasure and finery when it comes, but once, and I would not be a killjoy; but they should try to put by some of their earnings for their trousseaux.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Saracens In 711 A.D. Took Their Looms and Art Into Europe.

The chronological or the period uses of rugs are in no way confusing if one knows the history of rugs, writes C. R. Clifford in his "Rugs of the Orient." "For centuries the only rugs in use were Oriental rugs, and when the making of Oriental rugs was introduced into Europe by the Saracens, ninth and tenth centuries, the patterns were those of the Oriental. The history of Oriental rugs goes back to Assyria, Egypt, old Persia, ancient Italy and Rome.

In 711, when the Saracens began swarming into Spain, and later when they settled along the southern countries of Europe, particularly where they took their looms with them. We find as early as 900 A.D. traces of Oriental art in Spain, Sicily, Scandinavia, and in later days, the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we have a distinct type of Oriental rug known as Hispano-Moresque, and a little later Portuguese-Persian was evolved. There is record also of looms set up by Saracens in Poland, twelfth century; Poland, twelfth century; Venice, fourteenth century.

During the reign of Henry IV. of France, 1600, rug-weaving was undertaken. The first European influence developed a floral character, and it is well at this point to emphasize the fact that one must differentiate between a tapestry and a specific floor covering.

The term "carpet" was one which in the early days applied to hangings, and the references to carpets carpets which are frequently found in literature have doubtless reference to tapestry. The French term "tapisserie" means to carpet, to hang or cover with tapestry. An Englishman to-day who carries a travelling shawl speaks of it as a rug. And in the time of Edward III., 1350, the Flemish carpets were not carpets in the present sense but were in fact the body of the officer, and it was then found that the latter had secured to his person a number of secret German naval codes.

A copy of these codes was supplied to the British Admiralty, but the Germans, unaware of the fact that all fallen into hostile hands, continued to use them. It is stated that the possession of these codes enabled the British fleet to engage the enemy on more than equal terms at the battle of Jutland.

Macaulay's Love of Books.

If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wines and coaches and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.—Macaulay.

Play Safe.

There are several methods of distinguishing the edible from the poisonous mushroom. But the safest way is to regard them all as poisonous. Do you recall the Italian botanist whose specialty was mushrooms and who died from a mess of them?

Caffeine From Holly Plant.

One of the many species of American holly, the one known scientifically as "Ilex vomitoria," has been found by chemists to contain large amounts of the drug caffeine, one to one and a half per cent being available from the dried leaves.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

DRUDGE WIVES OF CHINA

Some Quaint Customs in Strange Lands.

Strange and fascinating stories of little-known China are told in "China, Yesterday and To-day," by Prof. E. T. Williams.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book deals with marriage and the status of women. The most disagreeable feature of married life for the women, no doubt, is that custom requires the wife to live with her parents-in-law.

The Book of Rites decrees that a wife should serve her parents-in-law as she served her own mother and father. She must rise at dawn, dress herself, visit the rooms of her parents-in-law, ask after their comfort, assist them in making their toilet, and then bring them their breakfast.

A Chinese woman may not seek a divorce from her husband, no matter what his offences may be, but a man may divorce his wife for any one of nine cause: (1). If the marriage contract contains false statements; (2). Barrenness; (3). Adultery; (4). Want of filial piety; (5). Loquacity; (6). Jealousy; (7). Incurable disease; (8). Leaving the home without the husband's permission; and (9), beating her husband.

China is a land of mighty walled cities, of lofty pagodas, of quaint, curved temple roofs, of curious costumes, and strange products. It is a topsy-turvy kind of country, where one's surname comes first and one's personal name last, where your friend when he meets you shakes his own hands quickly instead of yours, where one begins to read at the back of the book and at the right side of the page. It is a land where you eat your dessert first, and gradually work down to the soup, where the men dress in silk and satin embroidered gowns and wear their hair in long braids, while many women are seen in jackets and trousers.

Since the revolution of 1911 the country has undergone a great change. Architecture and dress are being Europeanized, and social conditions are quickly changing. The civilization of the West is struggling to supersede the civilization of the East.

Lady Dorothy Mills, in "The Road to Timbuktu," has invested the record of her adventurous journey with all the charm and romance of the mysterious desert city.

She has a keen sense of humor. Once she was cross-examined by a chief's wife on her matrimonial affairs. The old woman was surprised that Lady Dorothy, having been married nearly five years and not yet been divorced, and remarked rather cattily, "When a man goes forth to fight little can he know what passes in the tent."

The old crone suggested that the explorer's husband could not be very well off, as he had allowed her to become so thin.

Among these tribes of Central Africa the Targui woman is a supreme feminine figure. She walks in all public and family conclaves, and is complete mistress of her tent and her children. Everything she does is considered good and reasonable. She may divorce her husband, but if she herself is unfaithful the most that she can do is to remonstrate with her. At meals she eats first, and after her the man and children are allowed to partake of food.

Papuans, according to Mr. J. H. Holmes' new book, "In Primitive New Guinea," seem to think the penalty of murder is doomed to an eternal living death in a swamp in the next world.

"He will strive continually to escape and be everlastingly sucked down again till only the top of his head is visible. By an extraordinary effort he will struggle upward, only to be sucked back again. His eyes will bulge with pain as he rises and sinks for ever and ever. His arms and fingers will grow long and gnarled, like the roots of a mangrove tree."

Some Fur Everywhere.

"There is hardly a farm," says one authority, "that will not produce at least fifty dollars worth of fur each season, especially at present prices. Trapping is a pleasant occupation for the farmer and his boys in the fall after the crops are all in and safe and aside from the time used in setting and tending the traps the money derived from it is all clear profit!"

Johnnie's Big Discovery.

Johnnie stopped in his frolic to watch the maid stretch his sweater, which had shrunk in washing. Returning to his play he found his pet kitten at full length on the floor, apparently bigger than ever before. "I've found out how kittens grow to be big cats," he triumphantly called: "they stretch themselves."

"Down in the Dumps."

This is a very ancient expression, and is supposed to have been derived from a king of ancient Egypt, one Dumops, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy. Shakespeare uses the expression in the "Taming of the Shrew," in the line which runs: "How now, daughter Katherine—in your dumps?"

First Rapid-Fire Gun.

In 1862, on November 4, Richard Gatling patented the first rapid-fire gun. In order to keep it a secret, the Gatling gun was very little used during the Civil war, a conservative government clinging to the old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon and rifle.

Life at its Best.

To work, to help and to be helped, to learn by experience, to suffer, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder; behold this is what it is to prosper; this is what it is to live.—Phillips Brooks.

Higher and Higher.

Bob Minkin's father is making him study higher mathematics so that he will be able to write the price tags when he gets old enough to go to work.

Traveling Teachers.

Traveling teachers carry education to inland children along the coast of Maine, accumulating in each isolated district a brief time.

PROTECTING INVENTORS

HISTORY AND OBJECTS OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

History of Patents Is Closely Connected With Ancient Right of the Crown to Grant Monopolies—Statutes to Prevent Abuse.

There are many of us—quite ordinary citizens—who consider ourselves potential inventors, and hope that one day some brilliant idea will make our fortunes.

We cannot now guess that the idea may be; it may be a new collar-stud, or a new and improved method for propelling motor-cars; but the idea may come. Meanwhile any information as to procedure for obtaining a patent can be absorbed and mentally pigeon-holed, against the day when a visit to the Patent Offices becomes necessary, in order to protect our invention.

The history of patents is closely connected with the ancient right of the Crown to grant monopolies in the sale or manufacture of particular classes of goods. This right does not seem to have been used oppressively until the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The latter, however, freely granted scores of monopolies in the commonest necessities of life.

Lord Macaulay said of it: "There was scarcely a family in the realm which did not feel itself aggrieved by the monopolies and projects which this abuse naturally caused. Iron, oil, vinegar, coal, saltpetre, lead, starch, yarn, skins, leather, glass, could only be bought at exorbitant prices."

Finally, an irate Parliament wrung from James I. the Statute of Monopolies, and from 1623 all monopolies have been illegal, except as might be granted by Parliament or by some kind in respect of inventions. The Crown still grants monopolies, but only in respect of inventions. The power of the Crown is exercised through the Board of Trade and the Patent Office.

On application for a patent the applicant must lodge with the Patent Office a provisional or a complete specification. If he lodges a provisional specification he must still be protected for nine months, but before the period has expired he must lodge a complete specification, including drawings.

After a complete specification has been deposited, an examiner of the Patent Office makes an investigation as to the description and specification of the invention, and whether the invention claimed has been wholly or in part claimed in a previous specification. This, of course, may entail considerable research in the records of the office, and calls for expert technical knowledge.

When the examination is in order and the specification is accepted, it is advertised in the official journal of patents. During the two months succeeding the publication of the advertisement any person may oppose the application upon the ground that he has already patented the invention, or that it is his property, or that the applicant is not the true and first inventor.

At the expiration of the two months after publication of the specification, if there is no successful opposition, the patent is then sealed, and the inventor obtains a monopoly of his invention for sixteen years, which can be renewed by the court for another five or, in exceptional circumstances, ten years.

During these sixteen years of monopoly rights the inventor is obliged to give the community proper and reasonable use of his invention. He cannot manufacture his article, or sell it, on any terms he chooses.

There are numerous provisions in the statutes for the prevention of abuse of monopoly rights in a patent, and any person interested may apply to the comptroller alleging such abuse; and the comptroller alleging such application.

Spots on Themselves.

"The Scotsman is his own worst enemy," said Ramsay MacDonald. "All his jokes at the expense of Scotsmen are invented by Scotsmen. I once employed a Parliamentary secretary for the purpose of supplying me with two original jokes against Scotsmen every day of the week."

Mr. MacDonald is wrong in suggesting that the Scotsman is his worst enemy, however. A blow half-spent is but half felt, and all the Scotsman does is to anticipate the gibes that are hurled at every nationality, and to bring them under his own limelight.

"I'm a liar," said a man once.

"What have you say that?" asked his companion.

"To prevent you from saying it," retorted the man.

Mr. MacDonald's real opinion of Scotsmen is contained in his sly reference to the present administration.

"Those of you inclined to be pessimistic," he observed, "fearing that the country will never recover again, have the best reason for believing that, because there are no Scotsmen in the present Government."

Why Go?

Some people cannot understand why anyone should try to swim the English Channel. A Frenchman once explained, before one of Burgess' guests:

"E will swim across?"

"He'll try," nodded his companion.

"And get wet?"

"Oh, he'll come back again."

The Frenchman threw up his hands as he cried:

"Zen why go?"—Answers.

Wealth In Italian Mountain.

Aluminium, manganese, and mercury have all been discovered in one Italian mountain. It is believed that this mountain, which apparently consists of nothing but metal, contains gold also.

No Show for Bad Nerves.

The road being narrow and dangerous, the guest was overjoyed to find his host a careful driver. As they cingerly climbed a treacherous incline another car shot by. The guest shivered.

"How foolish that man was to pass us on this precipice."

"Wasn't he?"

"Why did he risk his life like that?"

"Just wanted to show us he had a fast car," responded the careful driver. "But I'll show him."

And he proceeded to step on it.

SALT AND COTTON AS MONEY.

Peculiar Customs of the Abyssinian People.

Harry V. Harlan, who has been travelling in Abyssinia, tells some of the peculiar customs of the people as follows:

For two days we had come across one jackass train after another, all going in our direction. They consisted of burros loaded with grain. The drivers, when asked where they were going, invariably answered, "To the Makful market." I was naturally interested in markets, as they offered an opportunity to collect grains and seeds; also, "Makful" was one of the cities that was on all three of our maps.

We decided to go to Makfud, so sent the caravan directly ahead, while we made a detour to the market. Imagine our surprise, after a three hours' ride, to come out upon a large mountain top. This was the Makful market place. There was a large village an hour away, which accounted for none of our three maps, yet this place was shown on each of them.

Came across other markets later—bare mountain tops like this one, with no village about.

Here I first ran into the complications of Abyssinian money. From Addis Ababa and along the railroad, traffic is carried on much as elsewhere in the world, but once out of Abyssinia this is not true, however. The old Maria Theresa thaler of Austria is considered good everywhere, with this I could get along very well. Silver is also good everywhere, but is a bit too heavy for long overland journeys.

Salt is used in many markets, and cotton is also good. One can get from Addis Ababa and along the railroad, traffic is carried on much as elsewhere in the world, but once out of Abyssinia this is not true, however. The old Maria Theresa thaler of Austria is considered good everywhere, with this I could get along very well. Silver is also good everywhere, but is a bit too heavy for long overland journeys.

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THE HOUSE FLY.

Little Is Known About the Commonest of All Insects.

Seeing that the house fly is probably the commonest of all insects—living in some part of the world, except the Polar regions and that it is always obtruding itself upon us, it is odd that its history is so little known.

We have all seen a fly walking unconcernedly upside down on the ceiling, but ten to one we have never thought that the fly was able to perform in this way because it had feet with pads on its feet, and this idea still holds.

As a matter of fact, a fly has upon each foot about 1,200 hollow hairs, so it is not surprising that it is quite possible for this creature to form a vacuum. The fly gums itself at each step to the surface it walks upon, and that exudes from the feet, but it is able to break its hold by pushing down on the pads as it does so, and the ultra-modern, and the old fashioned girl. But whatever the station in life, whatever the type, they all possess the same thing—courage.

On every trip I have at least one bride-to-be; some are young, and others are mere girls fifty years old. One, on a recent voyage, was forty-four, going West to marry a man she had never seen. She had met him (on paper) through an advertisement, had satisfied herself that his financial position was good, and, armed with the necessary kit and trousseau, was bent on forsaking the single life. Her permit was in order, and I think the immigration officials flattered themselves that the unknown bridegroom was in every way a good fellow.

I have flighty girls and staid girls; some who tax my vigilance to the uttermost, and some who cross-examine me on life in the Dominions that I feel like a witness in a court of law. Every girl is supplied with a pamphlet giving full and accurate details of her future country. It can never be said that the average immigrant is misled or neglected.

In fair weather I attend the deck games; in rough weather I attend the sick bay, to be sure they are getting everything they want.

"At present," said one bright young person, "I am going to die!" The next night, at the dance, she seemed to have made one of those miraculous recoveries that are common at sea.

A conscientious conductress has much to do; but her method of working is entirely a matter for her own individual initiative, and cannot be reduced to rule or formula. There is no monotony, for no two voyages are alike. I may be called upon to settle a difficult case where a woman is concerned; for instance, to persuade a European emigrant to take a certain husband.

"Oh, my dear!" breathed an elderly and domestic lady to me, "I should so love a position like yours! I'd set sail with you, as Mrs. —, after a pause; "What a wonderful life you must have, flirting with the officers!"

But it is a great trip, and a really useful, human work. As I write the great ship is rolling side my room, for we are in port. All around is the noise of the docks, the sound of cargo being loaded. It is music in my ears, for I know it means that to-morrow we sail again.

Human Life Needs Beauty.

Men cannot live by bread alone. The mind cannot develop on an exclusively scientific diet. If we sat on our spinning globe and studied only the physical laws, that keep it going we should become either lunatics or machines. The lines of beauty in the form and decoration of a vase, and the studied harmony of tones and colors that stir the soul, as though they were musical sounds, are like to the inscriptions made on his dungeon walls by a life prisoner, who, with their aid, drives away madness and keeps his mind sweet."—Chicago American.

CONDUCTING WOMEN

A NEW AND VERY WELCOME INSTITUTION.

Girls and Women Who Travel Alone Across the Atlantic Ocean Can Feel They Have a Real Friend in the Woman In Navy Blue.

When you say "an revoir" to your friends by the ride of some great ocean greyhound, perhaps you wonder why there is a woman standing by. At first you may not notice her in her plain costume of navy blue is inconspicuous and unobtrusive. But she stands near the gangway till the last passenger is aboard, and she is known by the name of "conductress."

It was the wish of the Dominion of Canada that all ships carrying emigrants from Europe should employ a woman, with the rank and power of an officer, to look after the welfare of the unaccompanied woman seeking a living across the seas. To-day every British passenger vessel which calls at a Canadian port is the proud possessor of a conductress—the special protector of the girl who travels alone.

On a bitter winter's day, in a howling gale, I commenced my seafaring career, says an Atlantic Conductress in Answers. I had previously crossed the Channel in order to sign ship's articles as a "stewardess," and my first duty was to attend the embarkation of a motley crowd of Europeans—Czecho-Slovakians, Esthonians, Hungarians, and Poles.

A day later, at Southampton, came embarkation No. 2. Here I took over, from the capable hands of a woman officer of the Canadian Government, a party of British women who were destined to be future Canadians. The majority travelled third-class, a few travelled first; but all were unaccompanied girls — women proceeding to husbands, domestics, school teachers, etc.

It is one of my duties to inspect all accommodation assigned to unaccompanied women, and to receive complaints, if any.

The girl who seeks a living in Canada is protected all the way. She is under the eye of the ship's conductress at embarkation, to whom particulars of her name, destination, religion, etc., are given. She sees the conductress again on arrival, when during the trip, and at the port of arrival there is yet another Canadian Government official to meet her, attend to her hotel or hostel accommodation, and place her safely on the train. Literally, no more protected girl in the lucklest traveller, for at every place where she changes trains there is a woman to meet and assist her.

Strictly speaking, the work of a conductress is to conduct. But it does not end there. She is called upon to be a universal aunt, and a sole officer of her sex on the ship.

Every experience one has had may be valuable on the next trip. On my first trip I had to assist the doctor with a woman who was dangerously ill. On another I nursing qualifications were useful. Then, again, on the return trip, with a ship full of American tourists, I find myself taxed to the utmost, finding them landlords and personal information as to where and how to shop in London, Paris, or Brussels.

There are births at sea, and often funerals. There are qaieties, too; and I am always present at dances, concerts, sports. To do all I can to make things enjoyable for the girls in my care. It is essential to be on good terms with their confidence. The "accompanied women" range from little babies, travelling with their parents to future husbands going settled in Canada, to old ladies and old fashioned girl. But whatever the station in life, whatever the type, they all possess the same thing—courage.

On every trip I have at least one bride-to-be; some are young, and others are mere girls fifty years old. One, on a recent voyage, was forty-four, going West to marry a man she had never seen. She had met him (on paper) through an advertisement, had satisfied herself that his financial position was good, and, armed with the necessary kit and trousseau, was bent on forsaking the single life. Her permit was in order, and I think the immigration officials flattered themselves that the unknown bridegroom was in every way a good fellow.

I have flighty girls and staid girls; some who tax my vigilance to the uttermost, and some who cross-examine me on life in the Dominions that I feel like a witness in a court of law. Every girl is supplied with a pamphlet giving full and accurate details of her future country. It can never be said that the average immigrant is misled or neglected.

In fair weather I attend the deck games; in rough weather I attend the sick bay, to be sure they are getting everything they want.

"At present," said one bright young person, "I am going to die!" The next night, at the dance, she seemed to have made one of those miraculous recoveries that are common at sea.

A conscientious conductress has much to do; but her method of working is entirely a matter for her own individual initiative, and cannot be reduced to rule or formula. There is no monotony, for no two voyages are alike. I may be called upon to settle a difficult case where a woman is concerned; for instance, to persuade a European emigrant to take a certain husband.

"Oh, my dear!" breathed an elderly and domestic lady to me, "I should so love a position like yours! I'd set sail with you, as Mrs. —," after a pause; "What a wonderful life you must have, flirting with the officers!"

But it is a great trip, and a really useful, human work. As I write the great ship is rolling side my room, for we are in port. All around is the noise of the docks, the sound of cargo being loaded. It is music in my ears, for I know it means that to-morrow we sail again.

WHY BLUE EYES SPELL BEAUTY.

Do Fair Girls Have the Best Figures?

Have blue-eyed girls better figures than their dark sisters? This question is prompted as a result of a statement made recently by an eminent doctor, who declared it was impossible for a brunette to show the correct nearest to physical symmetry are almost invariably blue-eyed.

"By nature, fair girls are more languorous and easy-going," he said, "and if they had the energy of the fiery-eyed ones, they would probably have equally good figures. How often do you see a stout blue-eyed girl?"

To put this doctor's views to the test, The Tit-Bits man sought the opinion of another health specialist, who agreed—to a certain extent.

He held, however, that while the average blue-eyed girl was more physically perfect, the proportionately small number of dark-eyed women who had beautiful figures were more completely perfect than fair girls.

One reason for this was, perhaps, that when a brunette shows off the natural lassitude of her temperament," she went to the other extreme, with strifling results.

"After all," the specialist added, "why should not every woman be perfect in form? It is chiefly a question of exercise and, to a lesser extent, diet. It may seem hard to believe, but it is a fact that a girl who was a hopeless case of thickness and waist one time a patient of mine—for obesity! She was dark-eyed, by the way, and naturally inclined to stoutness. She was a very lively young woman, but when I gave her my advice I believed that she would, as so many of her sex do, regard it as a short-term affair and then resume her former mode of life. But she was strong-minded, and dieted herself and took the requisite exercise, with the consequence that three years later, she was singled out as the most beautifully proportioned girl over five hundred at a ball.

"It is, of course, a difficult thing to be dogmatic in the matter of beauty; for, after all, it is not certain savage tribes hold that the fattest woman, the more beautiful she is? As for girls over-weight, do we not find among the Latin races, for instance, that the fair women are in a very small minority, that the girls have, perhaps, the most perfect figures in the world? Yet Spaniards, for instance, are the most languorous people imaginable!

"I hold, however, that if a census were taken of all the perfectly-proportioned actresses and artists' models it would be found that they were blue-eyed and fair-haired.

"You can take a case in point—that of Miss Stella Pierres, who won first prize in a recent competition organized in London to find the woman who most nearly conforms to what are believed to be the ideal measurements of Venus. Here are some of the figures: The neck measurement of Venus was 13¾ inches, while that of Miss Pierres is 13¾ inches. Venus's forearm measured 9½ inches, Miss Pierres' 9¾ inches; the wrist of the Venus was 6 inches, Miss Pierres' the same; waist the same at 27 inches; hips the same at 34 inches; thigh 21¾ inches and 21 inches; calf respectively 14¾ inches and 13¾ inches; calf 13¾ inches and 13¾ inches; ankle 8¾ inches and 8½ inches; weight 125 pounds and 135 pounds; and height the same at 5 foot 4 inches. Miss Pierres, who came nearest to perfect, is blue-eyed.

"The Britisher admires fair girls, and girls have better figures is, undoubtedly, a sweeping assertion to make, but there is some consolation for the dark-haired girl in the fact that her type is considered by biologists to be healthier and stronger. Why, then, think about the fate given the choice of being either healthy or beautiful, would decide in favor of the former!"

What Is a Cardinal?

According to "The Catholic Encyclopedia" a cardinal is "a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church and counsellor of the Pope." Their duties are "to assist the Pope at the consistorial meetings (consistoria cabellae papales)," also to counsel him and aid in the government of the church.

On the death of the Pope the College of Cardinals becomes the supreme authority and elects his successor, and it is necessary that immediately after the Pope, and precede all other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The present number has been supposed to follow immediately the reigning sovereign, and rank with the princes of reigning houses. They are addressed as "Eminence."

"Chief among the insignia of the cardinals is the red hat. They also have as part of their official dress, particularly a scarlet mantle, and a ring with a sapphire; to use the ombrellino that is held over them whenever they appear in public, and a splendid pony with bare heads the Blessed Sacrament, it perchance they meet it on their way."

They wear everywhere the pectoral cross, even in the presence of the Pope.

The cardinals are a corporation, a college after the manner of the British cathedral chapters. They are appointed by the Pope. Historically they are the parish priests of Rome, bishops, cardinal priests and cardinal deacons, taking their titles from certain churches in and around Rome.

There are in all seventy-five churches disposable for the three orders of cardinals. And since, as a rule, the number of cardinals never is than seventy, there are usually several of these titular churches without a cardinal. Archbishop Hayes, for instance, was made titular head of the Church of San Maria in Via Lata, where, according to legend, St. Paul and St. Luke met the angels.

There are now four United States cardinals, heads of the archdioceses of Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago, the largest number ever accorded to the United States.

Choose the Best Way.

Choose always the way that seems best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

Failure.

Failure is but a finger post along the trail of life, unless we call it the end of the journey.—Forbes Magazine.

An Original Camouflage.

The spider crab decks itself with seaweed in the hope of escaping the notice of its enemies.

Littleness Cast Aside.

A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants.—Emerson.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaten's.

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BARBER and TOBACCONIST
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(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Dutch Bulbs
All Varieties

Good Wheat
For Hen Feed

Poultry Spices, Beef Scrap, Tankage
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GEO. E. WINTER,
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WE SELL FOR LESS

2 lbs. mixed candy for	25c.
Try Tuco Catsup large bottle	23c.
1 can pure jam	50c.
20 bars White Naptha Soap	$1.00
24 bars Lennox Soap	$1.00
1 lb. mixed nuts for	23c.
1 lb. shortening for	15c.
1 lb. shelled Walnuts	40c.
2 lbs. raisins	25c.
1 qt. Molasses for	15c.
1 lb. peanuts	18c.

Wood, Salt, Feed.

A Penny Saved is Worth 2 Made.

Denison Bros.
North Centre Street.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

CORNS end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Sizes for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this *new*, magic corn treatment.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Zino-pads are a registered line of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

The Haines Shoe Houses

Daly's Good Tea is dependable—When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

Electrical Goods.

Electric Irons, Toasters, Heaters, make useful and acceptable Christmas gifts. See them at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

Mcintosh's Fur Sale, January 7th, 8th, 9th.

Deseronto is without a town council. None of the nominees at the meeting held for the purpose, qualified and new nominations were held on Monday evening.

The Swastika Club gave a very enjoyable dance in the Masonic hall on Friday evening. The young ladies are to be congratulated on the success of their dance. The decorations and all the arrangements were well looked after by the young ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Boyle gave one of the nicest parties of the season in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening last. The hall was prettily decorated and the refreshments all that could be desired. Walters' orchestra supplied delightful music for dancing and the two hundred guests enjoyed the evening immensely.

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." Ps. 37:16 "For the arms of the wicked shall be broken; but the Lord upholdeth the righteous. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way. Though he fal the shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Ps. 37: 23, 24, 25.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,
Guiding all the way;
Henceforth let us trust Him fully
Trust Him all the day.

A BIBLE LOVER.

An old resident of Yarker passed away in the person of Mrs. E. J. Cambridge, on Friday, Dec. 18th. The late Mrs. Cambridge was born in Moscow in 1845, being the eldest daughter of the late J. W. Patterson, of that place. Her husband, Edward Cambridge, predeceased her some twenty-five years ago. She is survived by one brother and sister, J. W. Patterson, Moscow, and Mrs. M. Parks, Napanee; two daughters, Mrs. Sidney McKim, Napanee, and Mrs. M. V. Lake, Yarker, and three sons, William Cambridge, Toronto; B. A. Cambridge and J. V. Cambridge, Detroit, Mich. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, assisted by the Yarker choir. George Woodhouse rendered a solo, "Rock of Ages," very effectively. The remains were interred in the family plot at Yarker.

MILLHAVEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Baker spent Christmas at John Baker's, Ernestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Baker and S. Baker, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Baker, Ernestown, had Christmas supper at A. Barker's.

G. Forward, Ernestown, at F. Wemp's.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins, Mr. and Mrs. A. Amey and G. Forward spent Christmas evening at Charles Forward's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Curran spent Christmas with the latter's parents, at Switzerville.

Miss Edna Funnell is visiting at J. Curran's.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bartlett and son, Arthur, spent Christmas evening at J. H. Franklin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Franklin spent Christmas at F. Vanwinkle's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sams are visiting at Belleville.

John Curran is sporting a new coupe.

A. Rickey, Barriefield, spent Christmas with his brother, R. Rickey.

DESERONTO ROAD.

Mr. E. B. Barker and son, Opa, have rented the Charles Thompson farm on the Sand Hill and have moved there during the past week.

The cold snap last week made good ice in the Napanee river and the young people made good use of it during the holidays season in skating and hockey.

An automobile was seen last Wednesday afternoon crossing the ice bridge at Deseronto, while another one came up the river from Napanee and got off the ice at Mr. Herb Aylsworth's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Tice, of Wellington, Prince Edward, spent New Year's Day and the week-end with Mrs. Tice's mother, Mrs. Edith McCaul.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of Deseronto, spent the New Year holidays with their daughter, Mrs. C. Rendell.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thompson, we are glad to say, is steadily improving in health, after a rather tedious illness.

Mr. James Hearns is still confined to his bed, and also Mrs. Hearns, who has a bad attack of la grippe.

Rumor says a wedding soon.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

PERSONALS

Mr. Reginald Wiseman returned to Syracuse on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Garratt left on Sunday for Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. Ed. McDonald, Ottawa, spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Michael McDonald.

Mr. C. M. Warner, Boston, spent New Year's the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Herrington.

Mrs. W. J. Shannon and Miss Muriel were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. C Beall, Montreal, for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Treleavin, Toronto, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Vine.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Fraser, Dexter, N.Y., spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Davis, Bethany.

Mr. Morris Daly is spending a couple of months in Calgary, Alta.

Miss Lizzie Saul, Kingston, spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Warner have returned to Yarker, after spending two years in North Bay.

Mr. Allan Gleeson, Toronto, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gleeson.

Mr. and Mrs. P. U. Laidley spent New Years in Montreal, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie.

Miss Angelica Hamono, is visiting her uncle, Dr. G. H. Cowan, on her way home from Europe to Australia.

Mr. Harry Ming, Chicago, is the guest of his father, Mr. Herman Ming.

Mrs. Cline, Toronto, spent New Year's with her father, Mr. Herman Ming.

Miss Marion Stevens, Toronto, spent the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Roy Root.

Mr. Bruce Gordon, Montreal, spent the holidays the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Reid, Richmond.

Mrs. J. E. Miller left on Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. W. W. Treleavin, Toronto.

Miss Frances Coleman and Miss Marcia Calkin, of Toronto, are visitors at the Vicarage.

Miss Winnifred Taverner spent last week with friends in Ottawa.

Miss Adda Baker, Toronto, spent the holidays the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Courtney, Newburgh.

Misses Evelyn and Margaret Gleeson, Toronto, spent the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gleeson.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Darlingford, Man., spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Miller.

Miss Muriel Patton, Toronto, spent the holidays the guest of Miss Mildred Perry.

Miss Clancie Hall, Belleville, spent last week the guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Tanton.

Miss Hope Swayne, Toronto, spent the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Swayne, Bath.

Mrs. A. Parks, Anderson, is spending a couple of weeks in Picton.

Mrs. L. Chambers, New York, spent the holidays with her mother, North Fredericksburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ralph, Stirling, spent Mr. Ralph's the guests of Messrs. B. M. and C. D. Black.

Mrs. M. E. Parker, South Glenn's Falls, N.Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Davy.

Mr. Ross Sproule, Toronto, spent New Year's with his sister, Miss Gertrude Sproule.

Miss Helen Loyst, B.A., returned to the College of Education, Toronto, on Monday.

Mrs. Wm. D. VanAlstyne and Miss Hazel spent last Wednesday in Kingston.

Mr. B. E. Davis, Pontiac, Mich., spent the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Desmore Davis.

Mr. R. Melville Smith, who was in charge of the building of the Provincial Highway at Napanee, has been appointed chief engineer in the Highways Department.

Miss Hazel VanAlstyne spent the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. VanAlstyne and returned to South Mountain last Saturday.

Mrs. J. N. Lloyd has returned home after spending some three months with her daughter, Mrs. P. Bates, also one month in Chicago, Ill., with her three daughters.

Mrs. Joanna Dwyer, Bradley Apartments, Oshawa, Ont., announces the engagement of her eldest daughter, Mary Frances, to Dr. Harry J. Gleeson, of Lindsay, Ont., the marriage to take place quietly in February.

BIRTHS

Mills—At Napanee, on Sunday, January 3rd, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Mills, a son.

DEATHS

Cambridge—At Yarker, on Friday, Dec. 18th, 1925, Elizabeth Jane Cambridge, wife of the late Hugh Cambridge, in her 81st year.

McCrudden—At South Fredericksburgh, on Thursday, Dec. 31st, 1925, Mary McCrudden, aged 74 years.

Walker—At Napanee on Thursday, Dec. 31st, 1925, Frank Walker, Sr., aged 87 years.

Williams—At Montreal, on Thursday, Dec. 31st, 1925, John Williams, husband of Mary Williams, formerly of Violet.

Kitty Danced—And Now She Pays

She is tall and slender, with coquettish blue eyes and hair that is very definitely auburn, bobbed, of course, for Kitty is nothing, if not up-to-date. Yet her up-to-dateness didn't include the ability to guard her health. Dances and parties, cold and weak spells, then more parties and more sick spells brought on what her mother might have foreseen had she lived.

No, you can't blame Kitty. Her youth, her prettiness and her popularity were false friends to her. She is only 18. Another year in the kindly care of the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, where expert medical attention and nursing are here, will perhaps see her restored to health and usefulness.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Prosperous New Year Values For All

RAG RUGS, SPECIAL 89 CENTS EACH

Your home, to be decorated from an artistic point of view, should display these very fashionable rag rugs in your sleeping rooms.

These of ours are made from new, clean materials. They are woven and colored in bright, cheery shades that will blend with most color schemes.

In the larger cities these rugs are most popular. We present them to you as one of the newest features for home decorations.

See them in our Carpet Department. On Sale for 89 cents each.

HALF-PRICE REDUCTIONS PREVAIL IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' COATS

This group at half-price presents an assortment of Coats rich in charm an individualism. Each and every coat exploits some one new and charming style. Each and every coat is beautifully and richly fur-trimmed. Each and every coat is made from 'Best' of materials. Each and every coat is splendidly and warmly lined. Each and every coat represents one great outstanding bargain that someone is sure to appreciate. Why not make that some one you? Splendid list of colorings. Splendid range of sizes. Now on display.

"Helps" for your Pocketbook from our Women's and Misses' Ready-to-Wear Department

FLANNELETTE GOWNS

"Warmth" is essential even in night clothes. These gowns are made from Canadian flannelettes that are soft and fleecy. The styles too are above the average, while the workmanship is above reproach.

Obtainable in long and short sleeve styles. Priced $1.19, $1.29, $1.39, $1.75 and $2.00.

FLANNEL DRESSES

Fall and Winter of 1925 will go down in history as a great flannel year. We sold many dresses, good dresses, cleverly styled and neatly tailored. Recently we were successful in securing a small clearing line of these self-same dresses at a reduction in price. These are in bright shades and in one or two piece styles. They are now on sale at

$7.95 Each.

WOOL SWEATER COATS

For wearing around the house or under coats when walking or driving you'll find the weight of these sweaters just right. They come in regulation style with collars that button at the neck if desired. Have long sleeves and are pocket trimmed. Featured in Sand bodies and trimmed with dark brown edges.

Priced $2.75 Each.

"ADMIRAL MIDDIES"

Admiral in name and likewise admirable in every way. For class room, gymnasium or office wear they are absolutely indispensable. You will find them neat fitting and excellently tailored. Qualities are guaranteed to give service.

Start the new term right, Girls, choose an "Admiral." It has many exclusive advantages. Featured with detachable collars and cuffs.

Moderately priced.

WIGWAM WINDBREAKERS

Are going over successfully in Napanee. You'll want one for wearing out of doors. Ours are made from imported Indian blankets into styles that are exceedingly jaunty and chic.

No two are alike in color.

Priced $7.95 Each.

SPORT KNICKERS

Are accepted by most women as being essential equipment for sports-wear. Our knickers are extremely well cut and very neatly finished in every particular. We absolutely guarantee them to fit perfectly. Made from Donegal Tweeds. All sizes are

Priced $4.95 Each.

WINTER TOQUES

Every other girl on the street is wearing them. Heavy cosy, warm toques for school or for sports wear. Most of them are chosen at Robinson's too. We still have a good stock, different weights and different colors, including White.

Prices from 50c. to $1.25

ONE TOUCH OF REAL WINTER MAKES A MAN THINK OF A WARM FUR COAT

OUR $42.50 GRADE IS WORTH $50.00 TO-DAY

Men, our willingness to take a chance last January enables us to give you this splendid Fur Coat value now, a real genuine saving of $7.50 per coat.

Each coat is made from imported Kalgan goat skins of superb quality. Each coat is honestly and thoroughly made. The points of strain are strongly and effectively re-inforced. Collars are large, warm and cosy.

We have searched the markets carefully "Men" and this is the greatest fur coat value to be had. Its sturdy enough for all kinds of wear, yet it looks well enough to wear to church. Obtainable in two shades.

We have all sizes at present. Come and look them over yourself.

ROBINSON'S WOMEN'S FUR COAT VALUES STAND THE TEST OF COMPARISON

We sell the kind of Fur Coats that are guaranteed by the makers as well as ourselves. We inspect every coat thoroughly before we attach our store label. This Robinson Company Label is your written receipt that you are securing the best in value for your money.

At present we are showing many exceedingly fine Coats that are worthy of your inspection.

MUSKRATS
Made from the Finest Skins
Price from $145.00 to $200.00.

FRENCH SEALS
Plain and Trimmed
Priced from $145.00 to $195.00

HUDSON SEAL
Plain and Trimmed
Priced from $300.00 to $405.00

PERSIAN LAMB
Plain and Trimmed
Priced from $315.00 to $375.00

We would appreciate your inspection

STAPLE DEPARTMENT REMNANT SALE

After stock taking we have a great quantity of odds and ends in many Staple Goods. In order to move these out quickly we have marked them at extremely low prices.

In the lot you will find White and Colored Flannelettes, Apron and Dress Ginghams, White and Grey Cottons, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Cottonades, Denim, Galateas, Prints, Shirtings, Turkish and Linen Towelling, Table Damasks, Table Oilcloths, odd Towels and Napkins, Wrapperettes, Velours. All are marked at saving prices.

WOOLLEN GLOVES PRICED AT 75 CENTS TO $1.25 PAIR

GLOVES THAT WILL BE WARM AND COMFORTABLE

Brushed Wool Gloves, gauntlet style, with fancy stripe cuff. Colors Camel, Beaver, price $1.25 pair.

Brushed Wool Gloves, with fancy cuff, heavy weight, colors Camel, Beaver. Price $1.00 pair.

Gauntlet Wool Gloves, in Grey only, with stripe cuff, price 79c. pair.

Brushed Wool Gloves wrist length, extra weight, in Heather mixtures, price 75c. and 79c. pair.

Scotch Knit Silk Gloves, wool lined, with a tight ribb wrist. Colors Black and Sand, $1.50 pair.

CHILDREN'S ALL WOOL, SILK AND WOOL HOSIERY

1-1 ribb all wool Hose, knitted from Botany yarn, plain knit feet, colors Black, Cream, Sand, Cardinal. Prices range 50c. to 85c. pair.

2-1 ribb all wool Cashmere Hose, Camel shade only. Prices range 75c., $1.00 pair.

2-1 ribb Silk and Wool Hose, Camel shade, size 6 to 8½. Prices range $1.00 pair.

Boys' and Girl's ribbed Worsted Hose, Black only, sizes 6 to 9½. Price 50c. pair.

CHILDREN'S SLEEPERS, FLEECED WAISTS AND BLOOMERS

Natural fleece lined Sleepers, with feet, buttoned in back, sizes 1 to 5. Prices $1.25 to $1.50 each.

White fleece lined Waist, made extra strong with tape, buttoned on shoulder, all sizes, 50c.

Natural fleeced Bloomers, elastic at waist and knee, sizes 7, 8, 9, 10. Price 59c. pair.

THERE IS A STEADY DEMAND FOR DRESS FLANNEL OF GOOD QUALITY

A LEADING VALUE AT $1.75 YARD, 54 IN. WIDE

Many of our customers know from experience the extraordinary value of this special line of Dress Flannel. Made from soft quality Botany yarn, that harsh feeling noticeable in many lines of flannel is eliminated.

The wide width is another pleasing feature. One length and an extra length for sleeves will make the dress. In all we are showing 21 rich colorings. In offering this Flannel at $1.75 per yard, we know the value is above the average.

A RICH SILK FABRIC AT A SPECIAL PRICE

NOVELTY PLAID KRINKLE CREPE, REGULAR $2.50 FOR $1.25 YARD, 36 INCHES WIDE

In the assortment of five rich evening colors are noted Sky, Jade, Nile, Honeydew, Tangerine, with White combination. All come in an even plaid, the material being a Krinkle Crepe, rich in appearance.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.